

THE
ADVENTURER.

IN
TWO VOLUMES.

—*Tentanda via est ; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.*

VIRG.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

By Mr. HAWKESWORTH.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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T H E

ADVENTURER.

No. 71. *Tuesday, July 10, 1753.*

— *Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* MARTIAL.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balzac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R, *Sombre Hall, June 18.*

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day light, (think of that) in the new harbour: My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vaux-hall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods, and meadows, and blue hills, and corn fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour Mrs. Thrif-

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B

ty,

ty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a *Drum* means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at *Brag* next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give as so many grave ones, for we want to be diverted after studying *Hoyle*, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you: I assure you it was written by a right honourable. But you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's pindaric ode on the E. O. table must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I Apply to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an University education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook

to



to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the play-house is the temple of Satan, and that the first christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my *Clerk* shakes his head, and fears his *Master* is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, "*ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans texti comedia, on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed;*" which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. What, cried they, would the parson put the bible into verse? would he make *stage plays* out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church yard, in the face of my whole congregation?

Yours, &c.

JACOB THOMSON.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I Had almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in *butterfly-work*, when my cruel perroquet accidentally trod upon the *purple emperor*, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any *purple emperors* or *swallow-tails* to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at lady Whim's in New Bond-street.

Your's, &c.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I F you will pay off my milk-score and lodgings, stop my taylor from arresting me, and put twenty

B 2

pieces

pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutters in Wych-street Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven bookfellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

YOU affect great tenderness and sensibility when ever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have, therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of, what they idly and opprobriously call, an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet, and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

“ Love,” says this judicious prelate, is not only a
 “ passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also
 “ a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in
 “ the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraor-
 “ dinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be
 “ treated methodically, by the rules of medicine, in
 “ order to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this
 “ disorder may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and
 “ copious bleedings, which would carry off the pec-
 “ cant humours and these violent inflammations, would
 “ purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it
 “ in its former natural state. This is not merely
 “ groundless conjecture, it is an opinion founded on
 “ experience. A great prince with whom I was in-
 “ timately acquainted, having conceived a violent
 “ passion for a young lady of exalted merit, was obli-
 “ ged

"ged to leave her, and to take the field with the army.
 "During this absence, his love was cherished and kept
 "alive by a very frequent and regular intercourse of
 "letters, to the end of the campaign, when a dangerous
 "sickness reduced him to extremity. By applying to
 "the most powerful and efficacious drugs physic could
 "boast of, he recovered his health, but lost his passion,
 "which the great evacuations he had used had entirely
 "carried off unknown to him: For imagining that
 "he was as much in love as ever, he found himself unexpectedly cold and indifferent, the first time he beheld again the lady of whom he had been so passionately fond. The like accident befel one of my most intimate friends, who recovering from a long and stubborn fever by falling into copious sweats, perceived at the same time that he was cured of a passion, that for some time before had continually tormented him. He had no longer any taste for the object he formerly adored, attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that insensibility and dislike had banished tenderness and respect."

I am your's,

AKALOS.

To the ADVENTURER.

"S I R,

IN one of your late sermons I am informed, for I never read myself, that you have presumed to speak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night at the King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a second time, we would come in a body, and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready written for the press into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and slippers; and you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob will think an animal that so seldom sees the sun as you do. I assure you, that next to a day at Broughton's or the damnation of a new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is, *To hunt an Author.* Yours,

Z

ROB. WHIPCLEAN.

No. 72. *Saturday, July 14, 1753.*

Πόλλα μεταξὺ πέλει κάλυκ'· και χεῖλε' ἀκροῦ.

PROV. Gr.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip,

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee: Thou beholdest splendor, abundance and beauty; is not He who produced them, mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention: the weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that

I was

I was not far from the wood in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to GOD. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: "Heli," said he, "those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of providence from which thou mayst derive instruction." We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that

glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty : they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt ; for Nouraddin, though he now had great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman : the merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire : he therefore, demanded Amana of her parents ; his message was received with gratitude and joy ; and Nouraddin after a short time carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire ; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured, and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation ; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect : she received his instruction not only with gratitude but delight ; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert : to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind ; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty, but the power of beauty he had exhausted :

exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt; the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair; but when he heard this proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm: the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced; he knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near. He, therefore, halted to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and fervility, the flattery of dependent ambition and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: "By the smile of my Lord," said he "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty, Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his

marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes : the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress ; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified ; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain ; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of insolence and triumph presented the mandate : Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it ; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered, and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents : at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse : he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears ; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and sollicitude ; but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end : he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend : she was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity ; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity : he passed the night in agitations by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter and to receive no sustenance.

No. 73. Tuesday, July 17, 1753.

—*Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.*

JUV.

Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless hour. DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardie's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion : he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion ; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance. But the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist ; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms encouraged her to proceed. " Let my lord," said she, " dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O ! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me ! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust ? shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge ? or shall he for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind ?" Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him and departed without reply.

WHEN he was alone, he remained a few moments in
suspense

suspense : but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant : and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the women who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger : the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay ; and therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness ; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throws of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber ; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation : “ If wisdom and goodness do indeed
“ preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is
“ oppression, injustice and cruelty ? As Nouraddin
“ alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the
“ power of Osmin ? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf ! O that from this
“ hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin ! ” The moment he had uttered this wish his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder ; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him.
“ Nouraddin,” said the vision, “ I am of the region
“ above thee : but my business is with the children of the
“ earth. Thou has wished to be Osmin ; and as far
“ as this wish is possible, it shall be accomplished : thou
“ shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of
“ Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee.”

Nouraddin,

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend, and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin." The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace, and at length, stood still frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has bestowed upon my slave; I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent: but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace,

palace, without reflecting that as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled : a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nourraddin in the phrenzy of desperation had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana ; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poignard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor ; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain reposed in security upon a sofa ; and Amana by the direction of her women had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate : in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone, pale and trembling ; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread and aversion had written in her countenance were not effaced. Nouraddin who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward threw his arms about her in an extacy of tenderness and joy ; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor : he therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms ; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy ; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other ; told her by what means he had intercepted her message ; and urged her immediately to escape, that
they

they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrances of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. "In the bowl," said she, "which thou hast intercepted, there was death. "I wished when I took it from my lips, that the draught "which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a "voice whispered me that him who drank the potion "it would inevitably destroy.

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim; he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected, and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

Such, said the companion of Rhedi, was the end of Nouraddin, and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it and be wise; be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage who
had

had us thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. "Hast thou met," said he, "the voice which thou hast heard?" "The voice of Zachis the genius, by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presuming to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power."

Now, therefore, let virtue suffer adversity with patience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

No. 74. Saturday, July 21, 1753.

*Infanientis dum sapientie
Consultus erro.*

HOR.

I mist my end, and lost my way,
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice, that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away, and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to choose their own measures and to regulate their own lives.

That

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskillful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century; some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience, and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and unvariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good, as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I, being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with
thinking

thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention; nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and, since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some former matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how

to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own favour : having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life : I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger ; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to shew that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it, was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own ; in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me : that the woman was undone who married below herself, was universally agreed ; and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry ; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions : I was sometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man ; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife : but a grave widow directed me to chuse a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed : men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal of whom no
arts

arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet; for he would detect artifice and defeat allurements, and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendents fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon; I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer, and incurred by dismissing him the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after, and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the fall of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried.

miscarried of the main end by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me : Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown and returned no more ; others were driven away by the demands of settlement, which the widow Trapland directed me to make ; and I have learned by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity,

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

P E R D I T A.

No. 75.

Tuesday, July 24, 1753.

— *Quid virtus & quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssæ.*

H O R.

To shew what pious wisdom's power can do,

The poet sets Ulysses in our view.

F R A N C I S.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad, than with the Odyssæy of Homer. This absurd custom which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter ; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from Custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason, and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectingly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssæy excels the Iliad in many respects ; and that for several reasons, young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the Iliad ; which indeed by displaying the

the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of monarchs : whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance, and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family, be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysses than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes ; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry ; " The muses," to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, " have concealed and decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle." Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and sublimity ; but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more insinuating and attractive beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempest ;

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέριθε χθών
 Ἡματ' ὀπωρινῶ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
 Ζεὺς, ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἀνδρῶσσι κοίτῃσάμεντο χαλεπήνη.

Iliad XVI. 384.

As when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
 And earth is loaden with incessant showers :
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
 And opens all the floodgates of the skies. POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful ;

Οὐτὲ ποτ' ἔμδεθ',
 Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λυγρὴν πνέοντος ἀρήταις
 Ὀκείανδρος ἀνήσιν ἀναψυχεῖν ἀνθρώπων. Odff. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
 The fields are florid with unfading prime:
 From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
 Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:
 But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
 The fragrant murmurs of the shestern gale. POPE.

Accordingly to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was antiently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca, Νόστον ὀδυρομένον, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea,

Πόλιον ἐπ' ἀτρέγγελον δευκέσκειο, δάκρυα λείβων.

"While a goddess," says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, "by her power and her allurements detains him from Ithaca, he is dying with desire to see even so much as the smoke arise from his much-loved island." *Tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora!* While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca; they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in, the very next morning: and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul,

He fate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night——

Δὴ γὰρ μενέαινε νέεσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds

adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of antient times: "The setting of the sun," says he, was "as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowman, who earnestly waits for its decline, that he may return to his supper, Δόρυπον ἐπὶ χεῖρας, while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along."

————— Βράζειναι δὲ τὰ γούνατ' ἰόντι.

"Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet," says our hero, "I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me."

————— Εἴματα δ' αἶει

δάκρυσι δέουσιν τά μοι ἄμβροτα δῶκε Καλυψώ.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country, and his whole behaviour convinces us,

Ὡς οὐδὲν γλύκιον ἥς πατρίδος, οὐδὲ τοκήων.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyssey less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tenderneſſes,

————— And all the charities

Of father, son, and brother————

MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly inquires into the causes of her death, and adds, "Doth my father yet live? does my son possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?—These questions are the very voice of
"nature

"nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that "she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that "Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow "for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return."

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son in his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he! O father rise! behold
Thy son!—

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any antient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity? "It is not "lawful for me," says the Δῖος ἄρχος "I dare not "despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were "much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the "poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!" "Keep," says Epictetus, "continually in thy memory, "what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised "Ulysses." I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation; "since it is delightful," says Fenelon, "in one of Titian's landscapes to see

“ the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in
 “ one of Teniers’s pieces a country feast and rustic
 “ dances ; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with
 “ such natural descriptions as we find in the *Odyſſey*.
 “ This ſimplicity of manners ſeems to recal the golden
 “ age. I am more pleaſed with honeſt Eumeus, than
 “ with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.”

The moral precepts with which every page of the *Odyſſey* is pregnant, are equally noble ; Plato’s wiſh is here accompliſhed ; for we behold Virtue perſonally appearing to the ſons of men, in her moſt awful and moſt alluring charms.

The remaining reaſons, why the *Odyſſey* is equal if not ſuperior to the *Iliad*, and why it is a poem moſt peculiarly proper for the peruſal of youth ; are, becauſe the great variety of events and ſcenes it contains, intereſt and engage the attention more than the *Iliad* ; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn ; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, conſidered as the moſt perfect of *Epoëas*, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The diſcuſſion of theſe beauties will make the ſubject of ſome enſuing paper.

Z

No. 76. Saturday, July 28, 1753.

*Duc me, Parens, celsique dominator poli,
 Quocunque placuit ; nulla parendi mora est ;
 Adsum impiger. Fac nolle ; comitabor gemens,
 Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cauſe divine,
 Where’er I’m deſtin’d in thy great deſign !
 Active, I follow on : for ſhould my will
 Reſiſt, I’m impious ; but muſt follow ſtill.

HARRIS.

B O.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab in the distraction of grief and despair refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain; he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence: but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that **GOD** be benevolent," he cry'd, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowers in the garden of Hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled, to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes,

crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor, "I am Caloc the Angel of Peace, look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

"Inhabitant of heaven," cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe."

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised, exclaimed Bozaldab? — "Look again," said the Angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not
" to

“ to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal
 “ of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be
 “ taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the
 “ method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice,
 “ by which he became not only abominable but
 “ wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth,
 “ which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish
 “ and obviate every fear. This wealth he has
 “ now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he
 “ cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to
 “ be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners,
 “ and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now
 “ learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good
 “ or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor,
 “ Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.”

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations and with ambassadors in various habits and of different complexions, on which sat Aboram the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than an Houri.

“ Gracious A L L A ! — it is my son,” cried the Caliph — “ O let me hold him to my heart ! ” “ Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,” replied the Angel; “ I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.” “ And why,” returned Bozaldab, “ was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?” “ Consider the sequel,” replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his

hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror : the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt ! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab ; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience ! — From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature ! a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies."

"Cast away the dagger, replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom ? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative ? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundation of thy Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean ? Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature ? for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum ; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Z

No. 77. *Tuesday, July 31, 1753.*

——— *Peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet.*

HOR.

To taint th' attentive mind she cries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me : I shall, therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance ; a lesson the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him a genteel post under the government. My Mother died when I was but twelve years old ; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education. He was a man of sense with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that Reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the

love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue ; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connexion with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear : my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace ; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future : a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved ; for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own ; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death ; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it ; consequently there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mothers, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child : When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper I was beginning once more to taste of Happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illibe-

ral

ral education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading ; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended as he imagined to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow ; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction : I perceived it with the utmost concern ; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition ; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than by my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to " adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my

uncle was to me insuperable ; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection : his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing.——“ what stuff is “ all this,” interrupted my uncle, “ sentiments indelicate ! unpolite ! his understanding, forsooth, not “ equal to your own ! Ah child, if you had less romance, conceit, and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good “ than all the fine books you have confounded your poor “ head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruin’d your “ poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend’s kind offer, and “ give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I “ whether the believing husband may not convert the “ unbelieving wife ?——As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you “ can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. “ No, child ; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world “ as I have : I see your motive ; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would “ go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not “ to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man “ that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me ; for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you : so I leave you to “ consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn “ you, entitles me to some little influence over you, “ and whether you chuse to seek protection where you “ can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence “ has cut out for you.”

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bad me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse ; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and

and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination: for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, that I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamour'd of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities,

absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion: and then giving me a note of fifty pounds which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, tho' his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner. "And what in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot! What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent

"cellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, be-
 "cause truly you were not in love? Surely one might
 "have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who
 "is it pray that marries the person of their choice?
 "For my own part, who have rather a better title to
 "please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than
 "you who have not a shilling, I found it would not do,
 "and that there was something more to be sought after
 "in a wife than a pretty face or a genius? Do you think
 "I cared three farthings for the woman I married. No,
 "faith. But her thirty thousand pounds was worth
 "having; with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties,
 "and indulge my taste for every kind of pleasure. And
 "pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty,
 "or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me
 "with all that in others? You, cousin, had an oppor-
 "tunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe
 "me, would not like you a bit the worse for being
 "married; on the contrary, you would find that for
 "one who took notice of you as a single woman, twenty
 "would be your admirers and humble servants when
 "there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you
 "might have gratified all your passions, made an elegant
 "figure in life, and have chosen out some gentle swain
 "as romantic and poetical as you pleased for your
 "Cecisbee. The good John Trot husband would
 "have been easily managed, and—" Here my indig-
 "nation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving
 "the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand—
 "Nay prithee my dear cousin, none of these violent
 "airs. I thought you and I had known one another
 "better. Let the poor souls who are taught by the
 "priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to
 "think they shall go to the devil for following nature
 "and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous
 "as they please: you have too much good sense to be
 "frighted at bugbears; you know that the term of
 "your existence is but short, and it is highly reasonable
 "to make it as pleasant as possible."——I was too
 "angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but bursting
 "from his hold, told him I would take care not to give
 "him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and
 affront-

affronting my understanding and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

Y

No. 78. Saturday, August 4, 1753.

——— *Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* Juv.
Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. “You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,” said she, “that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours, I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure you know best; but it seems to me

“ me a very odd conduct for one in your situation, to
“ give offence to so good an uncle ; first by maintaining
“ doctrines which may be very true for aught I know,
“ but which are very contrary to the received opinions
“ we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock
“ a common understanding ; and secondly to renounce
“ his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world,
“ rather than marry the man he chose for you ; to whom,
“ after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor
“ any antipathy for his person.”—Antipathy, my dear !
said I ; are there not many degrees between loving and
honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding
him with abhorrence and aversion ? The first is, in my
opinion, the duty of a wife ; a duty voluntarily taken
upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn
contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my
friendless unprovided state, since they are the conse-
quences of a virtuous action, they cannot be really evils,
nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of
virtue. “ I am heartily glad,” answered she, “ that
“ you have found the art of making yourself happy by
“ the force of imagination ! I wish your enthusiasm may
“ continue ; and that you may be still further convinced,
“ by your own experience, of the folly of mankind in
“ supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.”

I was cut the soul by the unkind manner which
accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate
against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came
in with another gentleman, who in spite of my full heart
engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget
the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness
of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his
address and the elegance of his compliments soon pre-
judiced me in favour of his understanding. He was in-
troduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most in-
timate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his
friend's judgment by making himself as agreeable as pos-
sible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly
engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the
care of entertaining her lover and her new guest ; her
face brightened, and her good humour returned. When
I rose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay
dinner,

dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments and unhappy situation. Sir George Free-love, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when after all this parade he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride,

and

and call to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours and felt no inconveniencies from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosophers schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learned from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentleman.

woman and which ought to have prevented such offer of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy; but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Free love. I was discontented and unhappy, but surpris'd and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolv'd, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it.

But

But I had stronger difficulties to go through, than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprized into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and in spite of my melting heart I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment and grief? every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will or distinguish them?

Or

Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world——and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow; Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours! Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue; it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend **GOD**, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.——What is good but pleasure! What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out

of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the sycophants of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation. Suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving

ing the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake
was become contemptible to myself.

Y

No. 79. Tuesday, August 7, 1753.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.* HOR.

Who then is free?—The Wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force. FRANCIS

THIS was the state of my mind during a year
which I passed in Sir George's house. His fond-
ness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as
I had no other object to share my attention, neither
friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness,
all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in
him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too vi-
sible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments
of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end
to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on
the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I
immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it
without first venting my full heart in complaints and
reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me
insolence which though I had deserved I had not learnt
to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer be-
came me, all the wages of my sin and the trappings of
my

my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupefied during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty attended by infamy and want,
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my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of repentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of repentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty attended by infamy and want,
groaning

groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunt of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved ! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all !

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet upon recollection I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity : conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt ; let them remember, it is yet true that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward : whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a GOD, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being, which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, asked what I was about to do ? At first I was fullen and refused to answer him ; but by degrees the compassion he shewed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

“ O !

“ O! Madam,” said he, “ these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickning your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven! Recall your reason and your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of GOD’s mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition.”

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man’s concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprizing pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful, placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave

her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. "This poor lady," said he, "from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience: and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said she, "that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is not less tender than your own, nor my affection less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling I watched the fatal progress of disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance."—O hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked, at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such
compli-

complicated misery, that appearance of chearfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

"That chearfulness and complacency," answered the good woman, "I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give." And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death? She was silent a moment: then stepping to her closet reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. "See there, said she, "the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance and support from the Lord of Life; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?"

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and

the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service to which he has recommended me in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern

concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of GOD; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, " Though Vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.

Y

I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

No. 80. Saturday, August 11, 1753.

Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis ut vocant, & ad morum integritatem efficientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos & omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores, & sibi legant relegantque senes.

ERASMUS.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssey may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes that appear shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a single colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and disgust the eye of the beholder. I

will not, indeed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde ; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the speciosa miracula of the Odyssey, are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, ἀνάπαλις πῶς, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles with many circumstances of great variety : sometimes, by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes ; sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths ; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader, of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same ; and from this sameness, it will I fear grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers : these small modifications and adjuncts, are not sufficiently efficacious, to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful : the battles are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms ; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin ;

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,
Charybdis bark and Polyphemus roar. FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe : when we descend with him into hell, and
hear

hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes “a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,” and a feast of such an exalted nature as to produce neither satiety or disgust.

But besides its variety, the *Odyssæy* is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of antient manners, customs, laws and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀρίστωι πέλεται καλαὶ δὲ τὲ πᾶσαι,

'Tho' all are fair, she shines above the rest.

is a far more graceful figure, than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plastered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to this innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance,

than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the Grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primitive, I was about to say, patriarchal simplicity of manners displayed in the *Odyssey*, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcass of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomedes and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the Sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssey* abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals if not exceeds

exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images, which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him; "and then" says he, "destroy me if thou wilt in the day-light;" *ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσεύ.* But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, "Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evil shall befall him at another season, while the Gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal Gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy, and elated with prosperity and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the Gods bestow on him with humility and silence." I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidas, according to Aristotle in his rhetoric, bestows on the *Odyssey*; who calls it "a beautiful mirror of human life," *καλὸν ἀνθρώπων βίαν κάτοπλον.*

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes

the neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odyſſey*, he is ſtill like the ſame Nile, when its genial inundations gently diſſuſe fertility and fatneſs over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z

No. 81. *Tueſday, Auguſt 14, 1753.*

Nil deſperandum.

HOR.

Avaunt deſpair.

I HAVE ſometimes heard it diſputed in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſirable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf: it is on all hands agreed to be beſt, that he ſhould think rightly; but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is conſidered as a modeſt and harmleſs member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation as may dim the luſtre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himſelf ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion, as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves in compariſon with others, to aſſume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot with equal juſtice provoke cenſure.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf-love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour; but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt

attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempt; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalised themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress

prefs as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

Virtue, says Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form: the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist, and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years, passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of Logic, or in any which his Antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy composed by himself and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke with some reluctance consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with
great

great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility; that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won, among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal; did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him, he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point and presented it to the prince: who immediately seized it, and instigated as some say by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: The court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horse-back, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

T

No. 82. *Saturday, August 18, 1753.**Nunc scio quid sit Amor.*

VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in Proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few ; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquest not only extended but secured ; “ The art of being Pretty.”

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that Beauty ought rather to be despised than desired ; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt : it is, therefore to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer : and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must, surely, approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty, which is expressed in the countenance ; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion :

proportion : and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief ; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike ; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion ; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned ; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident ; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency : so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object ; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin : he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole ; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with Sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects ; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender sollicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience ; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion,

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax: so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtil, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease

cease

This

cease to act; the prevalence of the passions, therefore produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and give a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor. "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the tower of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repels with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty, and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be dissingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the lustre of her Eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please, and the husband may be urg'd to solicit a mistress merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife which lasted only till she was known.

Let it therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue.

and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

No. 83. Tuesday, August 21, 1753.

*Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in dissolutionem nodi
agi; eaque precipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum
diligentiæ.* CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

OF the three only perfect Epopees, which in the compass of so many ages human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the *Odyssey* seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition or discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excell those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprize and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the *OEdipus* of Sophocles, and the *Iphigenia* in Tauris and *Alcestes* of Euripides, to the *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Medea*, of the same writers, and to the *Prometheus* of Eschylus; because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same Reasons

sons the *Athaliah* of Racine, and the *Merope* of Marlowe and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected but yet probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic composition.

The fable of the *Odyssy* being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of the hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which are both simple, and unadorned with a peripeteia or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stripped of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle, in the following passage which is almost literally translated.

“ A man is for several years absent from his home.
 “ Neptune continually watches and persecutes him.
 “ his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone:
 “ while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife,
 “ and his son’s life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies. This is what is essential to the fable; the episodes make up the rest.”

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the *Odyssy* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic poem are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation

tion of any farther event. Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsecal, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odysssey* in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, "what more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?" The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but bursts into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books, an occasion much more natural than that which induces *Aeneas* to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous

previous circumstances by a narrative from the he
 The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing
 tales, resolve to fit out a ship for the distressed hero,
 a reward for the entertainment he has given the
 When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and
 his travels, render him totally unknown to all but
 faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that
 may be the better enabled to surprize and to punish
 riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of
 kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequen-
 ly on the point of being discovered, particularly when
 he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and
 when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the
 nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character
 but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense
 is kept up as long as possible. And at last when the
 nurse Euryclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh
 it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding
 Aristotle places these recognitions by Signs
 and Tokens, below those that are effected by Reason-
 ing, as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia; yet thought it
 to be remembered, that Homer was the original, from
 whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by
 discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed.
 The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not
 in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endeavours
 that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render
 the surprize and satisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the Odyssey, is a poem that exhibits
 the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining
 variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural
 pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation
 of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the
 justest pattern of a legitimate Epopee; and is, therefore
 peculiarly useful to those, who are animated by the noble
 ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing
 well.

No. 84. Saturday, August 25, 1753.

*Tolle periculum,
Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.*

HOR.

But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.

FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IT has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity; the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less I am convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle, with three men and two women, my fellow travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mein with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first to propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but no body appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let

us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompence themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red furtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little meriment among us; that all fellow travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. "I remember," says he, "it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my lord Mumble and the duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprized and confounded that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the land-lady."

He had scarcely had time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniencies of travelling,

“ and the difficulty which they, who never sat at home
“ without a great number of attendants, found in per-
“ forming for themselves such offices as the road requir-
“ ed; but that people of quality often travelled in dis-
“ guise, and might be generally known from the vulgar
“ by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and the
“ allowance which they made for any defect in their
“ entertainment; and for her part, while the people
“ were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to
“ find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey
“ all that one enjoyed at one’s own house.”

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who hitherto said nothing, called for the last news paper; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, “ is it impossible,” says he, “ for
“ any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks:
“ last week it was the general opinion that they would
“ fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order
“ to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly;
“ and I made no doubt but at my return to London I
“ shall risk thirty thousand pounds amongst them again.”

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his look, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us that “ he had an
“ hundred times talked with the chancellor and the
“ judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part
“ he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the
“ principles on which they were established, but had
“ always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, un-
“ certain in their produce, and unsolid in their founda-
“ tion; and that he had been advised by three judges
“ his most intimate friends, never to venture his money
“ in the funds, but to put it out upon land security,
“ till he could light upon an estate in his own country.”

It might be expected that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of these hints made much

much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness, in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the fauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of Lords and Dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is the clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming, upon false pretences, honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others, and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion

shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away,
and all must be shown to all in their real estate.

T

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

V I A T O R.

No. 85. Tuesday, August 28, 1753.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*

HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain. FRANCIS.

IT is observed by Bacon, that “ reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.”

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those who despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hope to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with
acquired

acquired knowledge, and can retail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perfius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as "Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *Pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, opaque, and that *pellucidum* signified pellucid. Such was the dexterity, with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man

man had been employed in the same inquiries ; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others, the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusive life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness ; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation ; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof ; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths : but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations view the same object on many sides ; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it : having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist ; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harraressed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprize impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another ; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice : it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtil, and the acute absurd : how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom, and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him : nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points

of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes : and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible : a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force : thus the severity of reason is relaxed ; many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction ; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others ; and seldom recall to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix these thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others : in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them ; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportion, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity ; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable ; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men ; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed : it is, however, reasonable, to have Perfection in our
eye ;

eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T

No. 86. Saturday, September 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago.——

HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.

FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

“S I R,

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quit-

ted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure ; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private : instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage ; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune ; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring ; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged : the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and, therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings ; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion : however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered

of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance ; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination ; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her ; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer : the child, however, I would have sent away ; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished at the expence of about twenty pounds with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country ; she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her ; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected : her affection for me was too tender and delicate ; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it ; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify ; my visits, therefore, became less frequent : but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me otherwise than by tears of tenderness, when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her ; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted, rather by curiosity than desire, to make
some

some inquiry after her ; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched ; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up : but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility ; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement, which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish ; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth day with some friends at a tavern ; and as I was returning to my Lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it who appeared by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's : she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented : she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person ; I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child : for I remembered, that the

poor

poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprize and concern; she enquired with an officious sollicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid; but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters

daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of Infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance; but I want words. Farewell. A G A M U S.

No. 87. Tuesday, September 4, 1753.

*Iracundior est paulo; minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit eo quod
Rusticius tonsa toga defuit, & male laxus
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore——*

HOR.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large shoes to raillery expose
The man!

But underneath this rough uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in
our

our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good Breeding as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Alighieri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court, many players and buffoons; gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished for his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly
caressed

caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante and said, "I wonder that this person, who is
" by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman,
" should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally
" beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom,
" are yet heard without pleasure and commended without
" friendship." "You would cease to wonder," replied Dante, "if you considered that the conformity of
" character is the source of friendship." This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded in virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity,
they

they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practise good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied Boileau, in the presence of madam Maintenon, "he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common officers and duties of civil life:

life: for as no man should be well-bred at the expence of his Virtue; no man should practise virtue, so as to deter others from Imitation.

Z

No. 88. Saturday, September 8, 1753.

———*Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam.*———

VIRG.

———She seems alone,
To wander in her sleep thro' ways unknown,
Guideless and dark.———

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravitation, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive its effects to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination: and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that “in sleep the power of memory is
“ wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed
“ only

“ only about such objects as present themselves, without comparing the past with the present ;” except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that when the tail is cut off the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite ; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form : but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his cloaths which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold ; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square ; but of wainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture and crowded with splendid dependents.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply. He either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity ; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A Lunatic is, indeed, sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind ; his sport is always mischief ; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness : his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy : and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other : it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general ; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment ; and after much importunity he told them, " that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of " **GOD**, who had caused his rational soul gradually to " perish, and left him only an animal life in common " with brutes ; that it was, therefore, prophane for him " to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers " of others."

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times ; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and, after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervor this ejaculation : " Most merciful and almighty " **GOD**, let thy spirit, which moved upon the face of " the waters when there was no light, descend upon " me ; that from this darkness there may rise up a man " to praise thee !"

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual
excellence

excellence and defect, is, "A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation," and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows :

M A D A M,

" **O**F all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your majesty's acceptance is the chief.

" Not in itself indeed ; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.

" But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

" He was once a man ; and of some little name ; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest, for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him or was perceived by it.

" Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel : and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable and indeed astonishing event in the reign of George the second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline ; his royal consort needs not to be added ; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

" He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are
" great

“ great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly
“ known to the great searcher of hearts only ; He alone,
“ who can look into them, can discern if they are sin-
“ cere, and the main intention corresponds with the ap-
“ pearance ; and your majesty cannot take it amiss, if
“ such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of
“ infinitely greater value than the commendation of
“ men, who may be easily mistaken and are too apt to
“ flatter their superiors.

“ But if he has been told the truth, such a case as
“ his will certainly strike your majesty with astonish-
“ ment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal
“ breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in
“ those of his friends ; who by the most unreasonable
“ and ill founded conceit in the world, have imagined,
“ that a thinking being could for seven years together
“ live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations
“ and state, and to what the great GOD has been doing
“ in it and to it.

“ If your majesty, in your most retired address to the
“ King of Kings, should think of so singular a case, you
“ may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the
“ reign of your beloved sovereign and consort may be
“ renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul
“ now in the utmost ruin ; the restoration of one utterly
“ lost at present amongst men.

“ And should this case affect your royal breast, you
“ will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the
“ truly devout, who have the honour to be known to
“ your majesty : many such doubtless there are ; though
“ courts are not usually the places where the devout re-
“ sort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not impro-
“ bable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land
“ may take a case to heart, that under your majesty’s
“ patronage comes thus recommended.

“ Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained
“ from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with
“ what a transport of gratitude would the recovered be-
“ ing throw himself at your majesty’s feet, and adoring
“ the Divine Power and Grace, profess himself,

“ Madam, your majesty’s

“ most obliged and dutiful servant.”

This

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author by his dedication appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

No. 89. Tuesday, September 11, 1753.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovendâ miseratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis autoribus præferant. QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IT is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on antient libraries, by accidents and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothicism: but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, there-
fore

fore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the fables of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the Goddess Health : and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excell “ in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plentiful and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted harmony.”

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danae, being by her merciless father inclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus to relate her distress :

“Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαυδαλία ἄνεμος
Βρέμη πνέων, κινηθεῖσα δὲ λίμνα
Δειματι εῖπεν. ὅτ’ ἀδιάνταισι
Παρεαῖς, ἀμφὶ τὲ Περσεῖ βάλλε

Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπεν τὲ—³Ω τέκνον,
 Ὅϊόν ἐχω, πόνου. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθηνῷ
 Ἦτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
 Χαλχεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
 Κυανέῳ τὲ δινόφῳ. σὺ δ' αὖαλέαν
 Ὑπερθε τεῶν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
 Παρίοντ' κύματ' ἢ ἀλέγεις,
 Ὅυδ' ἀνέμῳ φθόγῳ, πορφυρέῳ
 Κείμεν' ἐν χλαμίδι, πρόσσωπον καλόν,
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τὸ γε δεινὸν ἦν,
 Καὶ κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτόν
 Ὑπεῖχες ἕας. Κέλομαι, εὐδε βρέφ',
 Εὐδέτω δε ποντ', εὐδέτω ἄμεινον κακόν.

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves
 to beat so violently on the chest as to threaten to over-
 set it, she threw her arm fondly around Perseus, and
 said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "O my son,
 " what sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a
 " deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking
 " child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dread-
 " ful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the
 " moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou re-
 " gardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the
 " whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! If
 " thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldst bend
 " thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I be-
 " seech thee, O my child! Sleep, with him, O ye bil-
 " lows! and sleep likewise my distress!"

Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of
 the Greek, should attentively consider the following
 happy imitation of it, which, I have reason to believe,
 is not so extensively known or so warmly admired as it
 ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princess
 taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death bed,
 and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable
 family, adds the following particular.

*His conatibus occupata, ocellos
 Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
 Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
 Quâ nutrix placido sinu fovebat:*

"Dormis," inquit, "O miselle, nec te
 "Vultus examines, silentiumque
 "Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
 "Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore.
 "Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
 "Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
 "Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
 "Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
 "Tu dormis, volitantque, qui solebant,
 "Risus in roseis tuis labellis.—
 "Dormi parvule! nec mali dolores
 "Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
 "Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
 "Redibunt oculis meis sopores!"

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother, her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and paternal tenderness, as shew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of "dormi, parvule!" is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows—"when, O when, shall I sleep like this infant," is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by any of the antients. It is making the most artful and the most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison the restlessness of the mother's sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, "my grief will never cease," that has ever been used. I think it no exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the antients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of

their

their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as *tenellula*, and *columbula*:" but there is a purity and severity of stile, a temperate and austere Manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his cotemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections, Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of Longinus a little altered; "How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?" This would be following the antients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his *Phædra* and *Iphigenia*, and that Milton has done of the *Prometheus* of *Eschylus* in the character of *Satan*.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper, among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of *Menander*.

Z

I am,

Mr. ADVENTURER.

Yours,

PALÆOPHILUS.

No. 90. Saturday, September 15, 1753.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Æthereum sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.*

F 2

VIRGIL.

—By length of time,
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
 No speck is left of their habitual stains,
 But the pure æther of the soul remains.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumphs of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ætherial essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, tho' remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was
 awakened

awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple ; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the antients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose : “ By command of Apollo and the
 “ Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to
 “ fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon
 “ the altar in this temple, those parts of their works,
 “ which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy,
 “ that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to
 “ posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus
 “ are appointed chief priests, who are to see that
 “ no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones
 “ concealed ; and for the more easy performance of
 “ this office, they are allowed to chuse as their assist-
 “ ants whomsoever they shall think worthy of the func-
 “ tion.”

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests ; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a croud of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a groupe of French critics ; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian, from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssey*, which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that “ they were indeed the tales of old age,
 “ but it was the old age of Homer.”

Virgil

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and to the surprise of all committed his whole *Æneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic*:

———*Tentanda via est; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry, of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English Writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, "and," as Addison says of Virgil in his *Georgics*, "tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:" he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, "To poverty."

Shakespeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked "The Taste of the Age," a small parcel
of

of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwel, The Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, "that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original." The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakespeare were like those of Homer, "whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried." Aristotle concurred in this opinion, and added, "that although Shakespeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the meer strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them."

Milton gave up a few errors in his *Paradise Lost*, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom D'Urfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprized to see an author with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh, and could not but smile, when on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be "his skill in Architecture."

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet.

“Curst be the verse, how well foe’er it flow,
“That tends to make one worthy man my foe.”

The ingenuous critic insisted on his taking them again :
“for,” said he, “my associates at the altar, particularly
“Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent
“a satyrists to be consumed. The many compliments
“paid me in other parts of your works, amply compen-
“sate for this slight indignity. And be assured, that no
“little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a
“foe to genius.” Pope bowed in some confusion, and
promised to substitute a fictitious name at least, which
was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after
having made a sacrifice of a little packet of Antitheses,
and some parts of his Translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed
with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which
all the priests discharged their different functions. They
behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those
ages, when the offices of king and priest centered in the
same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a
loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to
Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced,
were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at the gate
of the temple ; when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude
rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bol-
ingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenances were im-
pressed with rage which art could not conceal, forced
their way to the altar, and amidst the joyful acclamations
of their followers threw a large volume into the fire.
But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation
gave way to silence and astonishment : The volume lay
unhurt in the midst of the fire, and, as the flames played
innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of
gold, these words, THE BIBLE. At that instant my
ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal
music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings,
of which I well remember the following verses :

“The words of the LORD are pure words : even as
“the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified
“seven times in the fire.”

“More

“ More to be desired are they than gold ; yea, than
 “ much fine gold : sweeter also than honey, and the
 “ honey-comb.”

The united melody of instruments and voices, which
 formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says,
 “ it might create a soul under the ribs of death,” threw
 me into such ecstasies, that I was awakened by their
 violence.

&c.

I am, S I R,
 Your humble servant,
 C R I T O.

No. 91. Tuesday, September 18, 1753.

—*Facto pius et sceleratus eodem.* OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime. ADDISON.

IT is contended by those who reject Christianity,
 that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life
 to mankind, it would have been universal ; and they are,
 upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be
 a rule of life, which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the
 dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions,
 opinion determines whether they are good or ill : and
 conscience approves or disapproves in consequence of
 this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or
 falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always
 imputed to a criminal neglect of enquiry : those, by
 whom a system of moral truths was discovered through
 the gloom of paganism, have been considered as pro-
 digies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment
 and admiration : and that which immortalized one among
 many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all.
 Men do not usually shut their eyes against their imme-
 diate interest, however they may be thought to wink
 against their duty ; and so little does either appear to be
 discoverable by the light of nature, that where the

Divine Prescription has either been with-held or corrupted, superstition has rendered pity cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira, the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people, than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public, with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: "From thee," said he, "I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people."

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure, without much surprize; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had like hers
overflowed

overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. "The Gods," said he, "though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition." Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented, in unutterable distress, of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and

and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter: and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it, to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns, is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince, was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrain-
ed

ed from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that Virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, "we are led into all truth;" conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover, why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, "who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from Above; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

XX

No. 92. Saturday, September 22, 1753.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,
Like the firm judge inexorably just.

To

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IN the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candour and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness: a just distribution of praise among the ancients and the moderns; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall therefore, venture to lay before you, such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's pastorals, without any enquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose: that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion, and sometimes the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks; however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater splendour of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author,

I am

I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections,

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or any passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion, between the performance and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written, for some other purpose, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral

ral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiment and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful: but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious; nor has any sufficient reason yet been found, to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds: and surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a transcriber.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency: it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed of fragments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself a-while with the pity that shall be paid him after his death;

———Tamen

———*Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

———Yet, O Arcadian swains,
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So shall my shade in sweetest rest repose.
O that your birth and business had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading vine!

WARTON.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side:

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostes.
Tu procul a patriâ (nec sit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ab dura! nives, & frigora Rheni
Me sine sola vides. Ab te ne frigora lædant!
Ab tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!*

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.
Instead of that, me frantic love detains,
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:
While you, and can my soul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave }
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps, where snows eternal shine,
And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.
Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade! WARTON.

He

He then turns his thoughts on every side, in quest of something that may solace or amuse him: he proposes happiness to himself, first in one scheme and then in another; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy:

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursus, nec carmina nobis
Ipsa placent: ipsæ rursus concedite sylvæ.
Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores;
Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ:
Nec si, cum moriens altâ liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancræ.
Omnia vincit amor; & nos cedamus amori.*

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewell, ye shades—
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' lost in frozen desarts we should range;
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian snows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,
Where the parch'd elin declines his sick'ning head;
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.
Love over all maintains resistless sway;
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd, who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such as, with variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity:

*Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

We leave our country's bounds, our much-lov'd plains;
We from our country fly, unhappy swains!

You

You Tit'rus, in the groves at leisure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade. WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of pastoral distress:

————— *En ipse capellas*
Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ab! silice in nudâ connixa reliquit.

And lo! sad part'ner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For mid' yon tangled hazels as we pass;
On the bare flints her hapless twins she cast,
The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The description of Virgil's happiness in his little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure: and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry:

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna satis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limosoque palus obducatur pascua junco.
Non insueta graves tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.
Nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

Happy old man! then still thy farms restor'd,
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.
What tho' rough stones the naked soil o'erspread,
Or marshy bulrush rear its wat'ry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,
No touch contagious spread its influence here.

Happy

Happy old man ! here 'mid th' accustom'd streams
 And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams;
 While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's bound,
 The bees that suck their flowery stores around,
 Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering boughs,
 Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :
 While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard ;
 Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
 Mean while shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
 Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain. WARTON.

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened ; and may, therefore, be of use to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

T

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

DUBIUS.

No. 93. Tuesday, September 25, 1753.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
 Ut Magus ; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*
 HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art ;
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;
 And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil

Virgil or Horace; almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakespeare, will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellencies, may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: "his lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters." These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the *Tempest*, is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island: and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived; a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistence of his characters, I will exemplify

plify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him :

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :

which intimate that the tempest described in the preceding scene, was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The Offices of his attendant Spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety : his employment is said to be,

———— To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep ;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;
To do ——— business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost ;
———— to dive into the fire ; to ride
On the curl'd clouds ———

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services :

———— In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest Bermudas ———

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, “ whose partime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew ;” by whose assistance Prospero has “ bedimm'd the sun at noon-tide,”

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war ; ———

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office ;

office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admir'd in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all Paradisiacal. How delightfully and how suitably to his character, are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being, pointed out in the following exquisite song!

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry,
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sun set, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo if they neglected their charge, would on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

————— She did confine thee
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years: within which space she dy'd,
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. —————

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
 Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, besure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,

All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din. SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
Forfakes his post or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye ;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alom styptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r :
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel ;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below ! POPE.

The method which is taken, to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking, he is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping, over against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aerial music creep by him upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter :

Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance ;

Sea-

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Hark ! now I hear them——Ding-dong-bell !

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owns !——

The happy versatility of Shakespeare's genius enables him to excell in lyric as well as in dramatic poesy.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers,

——Dost thou think so, Spirit ?

ARIEL. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness :

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero : we are transported into fairy-land ; we are wrapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed ; all around is enchantment !

—— The isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Would make me sleep again : and then in dreaming,

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G

The

The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me :—when I awak'd,
I cry'd to dream again !

Z

No. 94. Saturday, September 29, 1753.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.

JUV.

—What I shew,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

YOU have somewhere discouraged the hope of idleness, by shewing that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize ; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity ; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot : and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success : for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed : he, who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which

he

he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances : but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply necessaries or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace ; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation ; for, by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week ; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confessed to be an encrease of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamesters. But by gamesters, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none ; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic : I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry ; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce ; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gamester of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed : the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence ; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and therefore cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment : his mind is perpetually on the rack ; he is anxious in proportion to the

eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense succeed those of disappointment, and a momentary gain only imbitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him, who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed; he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites, he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to encrease the enjoyment which they were intended to supply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by the increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If which this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor: whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more: wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gamester, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes

sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade encrease; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance; and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curst him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and inquired with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularly in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before Ned discovered

than ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected ; a discovery, which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned, drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths ; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays : but something was still wanting ; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage : but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left ; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

No. 95. *Tuesday, October 2, 1753.*

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

OVID.

And with sweet novelty your soul detain.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another ; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The

The allegation of resemblance between authors is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions: yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear where others are obscure, some will please by their style and others by their method, some by their embellishments and others by their simplicity, some by closeness and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with one another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations: some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be

considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect: the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer: he may familiarize his system by dialogues after the manner of the antients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments; he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gayety; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples: he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in the human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men
will

will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long continued hatred, will, without any assistance from antient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivance of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits: the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying; the different arts of gallantry, which love has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of the ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn

a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions; and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crouds that swarm upon the earth; the passions from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyze the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show while we are busied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeeds, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former: thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topics are pre-occupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T

No. 96. Saturday, October 6, 1753.

———*Fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint.* VIRG.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state !

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason: and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only embitter disappointment and heighten calamity, and more frequently flumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him: as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman, to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand, "Sir," said he, "I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you was not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish more than any other to oblige; but I have just presented the living to the person, whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room."

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude, nor force to resist. The strength of his interest though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances

stances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment; over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what has happened to Evander more than he expected? nothing that he possessed is diminished, nor is any possibility of advantage precluded: with respect to these, and every other reality, he is in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy which he had some chance to fill: but Evander groans under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of causeless fretfulness, casts away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counter-balance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper, that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune, and was so affected by a retrospect on his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. "How providential," said he, "was it, that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!" What an alteration was produced by Agenor's conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had Providence interposed farther, than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect, that
and

any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomeness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be most compleat, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gaily dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers ends, crossed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midst of all possible advantages seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which, if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and enquired with an honest sollicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an extasy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? what prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach; and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having it drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so
perverse,

perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he, who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of the Divine Bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions: let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct, there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which "the Spirits of the Just shall be made perfect."

No. 97.

Tuesday, October 9, 1753.

Χρὴ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἥθεσιν, ὥσπερ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει, αἰετὶ ζῆτεῖν, ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, ἢ τὸ εἰκὸς.

ARIST. POET,

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

"**W**HOEVER ventures," says Horace "to form a character totally original, let him endeavour

“deavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency: but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard.” In this arduous and uncommon task, however Shakespeare has wonderfully succeeded in his *Tempest*: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a dæmon: the forceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society: in conformity therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupations of his mother:

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
 Drop on you both! —————
 ————— All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is, afterwards, expressed as much in character, as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage:

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 Shew thee a jay's nest; and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
 To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young sea-malls from the rock —————
 I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
 I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which

Caliban

Calyban was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore, deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment: he knew not the names of the sun and moon which he calls the bigger light and the less; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shewn him: and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: —————

The properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that mope and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity, and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprise and kill his master:

————— There thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake;
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. —————

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, "above all besure to secure the daughter; whose beauty, he tells them, is incomparable." The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shake-

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet, who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban, makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker:

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall. —————

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding:

————— I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a God,
And worship this dull fool?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. "Were I in England now," says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, "and had but this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver.—When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

————— What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that, as he was so beautiful, he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke
of

of nature worthy admiration : as are likewise her entreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art ;

Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I figh'd for ! ———

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince ; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. " Would," says she, " the lightning had burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile !"

————— If you'll sit down
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile. ———
————— You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances, that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer : affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother ; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom ; and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician ; are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity and decorum : one part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out. During the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved ; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes
occasion,

occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things :

—————These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits ; and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind —————

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides :

—————We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep !—————

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poetry, preserved throughout the *Tempest*. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in, or near, the cave of Prospero ; though indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot ; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation ; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

No. 98. Saturday, October 13, 1753.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*

Juv.
Woud't

Woud'st thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country I am always on horse back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way: when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper time for making my appearance; as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week; nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic you know, to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to shew my courage, and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them; and have had "bonne fortune" let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly; but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost; and, poor fond soul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped—self preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter, with her, rot me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There's

There's one thing vexes me: I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good natured fellow fixed upon me; so that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night house; I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night-cellars: I beat the watchman though he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned; but Tim is no Flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy.

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman.

But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats and the brats of their brats to the third generation.—

She was a sweet creature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me old boy is this. Help to raise my name a little d'ye mind: write something in praise of us pretty sprightly fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear, but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business: for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible; but if my
purse

purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

" I'll boldly venture on the world unknown ;

" It cannot use me worse than this has done."

I'll then shoot myself thro' the head ; and so good by'te.

Yours, as you serve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of " the dull dogs " who write books," the gratification of appetite is virtue ; and appetite, therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion, and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his " thirst of " glory," I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others without procuring any real good to himself : but he has not done mischief enough ; he has not sacked a city or fired a temple ; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a croud of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose ; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial

celestial appellation, but on earth it is called Justice Hall in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of antient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men: this indeed, is one of the feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall; it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy, and imprisonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alledged, that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable, to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeon's Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue; that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero, of which it is at once the remains and the monument, written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery
for

for that purpose : I propose that this gallery be called the Blood's Gallery ; and to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the atchievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect ; “ This gallery is sacred to the memory
 “ and the remains of the Bloods ; heroes who lived in
 “ perpetual hostility against themselves and others ; who
 “ contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief not
 “ in anger but sport : who purchased this distinction at
 “ the expence of life ; and whose glory would have been
 “ equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been
 “ less.”

No. 99. *Tuesday, October 16, 1753.*

————— *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* OVID.

But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd. ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments : they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue ; and they that miscarry, are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy ; their real faults are immediately detected, and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded : he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected speculation : so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, that “ he who can deserve the name of
 “ a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate.”

By

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than Projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design, raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a projector may gain favour by success; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excell others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the house-hold Gods: but when they saw that the Project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, "that he always thought there was more in him than he could think."

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same Project, and intended to raise themselves to power by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharsalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar: and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a Projector: who invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasion.

sions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of antient time; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and ignorance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors with whom he embarked in the expedition had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return: he found means to sooth them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land: had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expences, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence; how would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his enquiries, had purposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless desarts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit

circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions : but this mighty Project was crushed at Pultowa, and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship and their generals to " learn under him the art of war."

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities ; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigues, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way : but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the Demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages : for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, and wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness ; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal : I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind ; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent ; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art ; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of Projection is very seldom the folly of a fool ; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought ; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the

confidence of those, who having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more: when Rowley had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the works of transmutation.

A Projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge and greatness of design: it was said of Catiline, "*immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*" projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances to which perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man; when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a Project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every Project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a Project. Men unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at Projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had

had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world even by their miscarriages.

T

No. 100. Saturday, October 20, 1753.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus. ——— JUV.

No man'e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first. TATE.

TO the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependence upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by

persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest-Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in York shire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward, modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene, that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and an unfashionable suit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a Country Put very green.

Green, then, I continued even in externals near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of Wilding just of the same colour, with a single row of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread

thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking ball, and when I went out carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the playhouse, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore top of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue: I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pie; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the devil. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, ged curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and, therefore, ap-

plied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward ; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jeffamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance ; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner : at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing ; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time ; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning : I employed a court taylor to make them up ; I exchanged my queue for a bag ; put on a sword which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo ; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now encreased every hour ; I was attended, flattered, and caressed ; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair ; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching ; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle ; a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to encrease these acquisitions : I enlarged my stock of healths ; made
great

great progress in singing, joking, and story telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress; and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take-in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax, and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing Frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages; but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose, and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch house; was utterly insensible of shame,

and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state, others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamys at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a Reasonable Being, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrive.

I am your humble servant,

Common side, King's Bench,
Cd. 18, 1753.

NOMENTANUS.

No. 101. *Tuesday, October 23, 1753.*———*Est ubi peccat.*

HOR.

———Yet sometimes he mistakes.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IF we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks; and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater strength of mind, to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity: as in painting, he, who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

“Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient Pearl
 “run Nectar, roses without thorns, trees that bear fruit
 “of Vegetable Gold, and that weep odorous gums
 “and balms,” are easily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who when they read exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my
 subject

subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit of Comus thus pays his address of thanks to the Water nymph Sabrina ;

May thy brimmed waves for this,
 Their full tribute never miss,
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills :
 Summer drought, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten chrystal fill with mud :

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess ; the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant : but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far fetched,

May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore :
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tow'r and terras round ;
 And here and there, thy banks upon,
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied ; but what idea can the reader have of an English River rolling Gold and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks ? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural :

For thy kindness to me shown,
 Never from thy banks be blown
 Any tree, with windy force,
 Cross thy stream to stop thy course :
 May no beast that comes to drink,
 With his horns cast down thy brink :
 May none that for thy fish do look,
 Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;
 Barefoot may no neighbour wade
 In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
 When the spawn on stones do lie,
 To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

Th:

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the Angels I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's Knights, as his two-handed sword does the weapons of chivalry. I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible, in the first appearance of the fallen Angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man, exhibited in vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam, as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother: but during his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the Angel meant, by "cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the girding sword, by embattled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms and fiery steeds?" And although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not skill enough in chemistry to understand Raphael, who informed him, that

— Sul-

————— Sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtil art,
 CONCOCTED and ADUSTED, they reduc'd
 To blackest grain and into store convey'd.

And, surely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew nor wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the Angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying, that they fled

————— ————— As a herd
 Of goats, or TIMOROUS flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation. Milton minutely describes its beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture: "In the midst of the street of it, and of
 " either side the river, was there the tree of life; which
 " bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit
 " every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the
 " healing of the nations."

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curiosity is impatient for the action and the catastrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity disappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge from their own sensations,

and

and are not content to echo the decision of others. The golden balances are held forth, "which," says the poet, "are yet seen betwixt Aftrea and the Scorpion:" Satan looks up, and perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of Night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of Libra, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the Paradise Lost, I think the most transcendent is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book; in which his unextinguishable pride and fierce indignation against GOD, and his envy towards Man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his present undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its sentiments and its turns of passion, the most natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether antient or modern: and yet Mr. Addison has passed it over unpraised and unnoticed.

If an apology should be deemed necessary for the freedom here used with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus: "Whoever was carefully to collect the blemishes of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and of other celebrated writers of the same rank, would find they bore not the least proportion to the sublimities and excellencies with which their works abound."

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Z

PALÆOPHILUS.

No. 102. Saturday, October 27, 1753.

— *Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti?*

JUV.

What

What in the conduct of our life appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time, brow-beaten and despised by those, who having more money thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings, was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and to complete my mercantile honours enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produces riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by

by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could imagine to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money: and though I was every day enquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations: an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden and inclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another till I knew not what more to wish

wish or to design ; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works ; and what now remained to be done ? what, but to look up to turrets of which when they were once raised I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended ; the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning, and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, “ but to tell him,” with the fallen angel, “ how I hate his beams.” I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because, when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy : I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle : but alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors ; seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup ; but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. ADVENTURER, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment which

which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divert myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport: I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen: his eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

Books I then ordered to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprized when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcern'd to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate,
that

that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen; but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous, and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

I am,

Your's, &c.

MERCATOR.

No. 103. Tuesday, October 30, 1753.

——— *Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus?* ———

JUV.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears! DRYDEN.

IN

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes; Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince.

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina, was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aerial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal

ceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant, which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her only with one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evil of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast. To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected, and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haugh-
ty

ty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs; of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant, how they expand and quicken by degrees, how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colours and taste, and smell; of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with patience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered

vered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay, and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine; who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress:
this,

this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal; she continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

No. 104. Saturday, November 3, 1753.

Semita certè

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. Juv.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the chearfulness and vigour which she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause; if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day, and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which notwithstanding she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awakened parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbett: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted, Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages

presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered, that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime to which he had himself furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded, that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered, how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without Virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been com-

mitted, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all her attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wandered alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade: she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony entreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great." "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I shall rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind," and upon this condition, "I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less;

less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand, the croud fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the croud: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and finding her confusion increase would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of his throne; "Let the King," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who during her state of deformity had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed and, Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“ Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented by the resignation of Piety to the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to Nature the effects of his own folly.”

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and, with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence: and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

No. 105. Tuesday, November 6, 1753.

Novam comicam MENANDRUS, æqualesque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus & invenere intra paucissimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere.
VELL. PATERCUL.

MENANDER, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

To

TO the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

MORALITY, taste, and literature, scarcely ever suffered more irreparably, than by the loss of the comedies of Menander; some of whose fragments, agreeably to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus, which Apelles left imperfect and unfinished,

Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his style. “He was fond of Euripides,” says Quintilian, “and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorical excellence: ita omnem vitæ imaginem expressit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, & loquendi facultas; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accommodatus: so various, and so just, are all his pictures of life; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions.” This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire, has not represented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humorously as Menander.

Ἄπαντα τὰ ζῶ' ἔστι μακαριώτερα,
 Καὶ νῦν ἔχουσι μᾶλλον ἀνθρώποι πολὺ.
 Τὸν ὄνον ὄραν ἔξεστι πρῶτα τείλονι,
 Οὐτ' αἰμοδαίμων ἔστιν ὁμολογημένως.
 Τάτῳ κακὸν δι' αὐτὸν ἔδδεν γίνεταί,
 Ἄ δὲ φύσις δέδωκεν αὐτῷ ταῦτ' ἔχει.
 Ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν,
 Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἕτερα προσπορίζομεν.
 Λυπόμεθ' ἂν πτάσῃ τις. ἂν εἴπῃ κακῶς,
 Ὀργίζομεθ' ἂν ἴδῃ τις ἐνέπνεν, σφόδρα
 Φεβόμεθ' ἂν γλαυξ ἀνακράγῃ, δεδοίκαμεν.

Ἀγῶναι, δόξαι, φιλοτιμίαι, νόμοι,
Ἀπαντα ταῦτ' ἐπιθετα τῇ φύσει κακὰ.

" All animals are more happy, and have more understanding than man. Look, for instance, on yonder
" ass; all allow him to be miserable; his evils, however, are not brought on him by himself and his own
" fault; he feels only those which nature has inflicted.
" We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw
" upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any person happen to sneeze; we are
" angry if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is
" affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the
" hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties,
" our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils,
" which we ourselves have superadded to nature."
Comparisons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human species have been frequently drawn, but this of Menander, as it probably was the first, so it is the best I have ever seen.

If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following certainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Ἐἰ τις δὲ θυσίαν προσφέρειν, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
Ταύρων τέ πληθεῖ ἢ ἐρίφων, ἢ, ἢ Δία,
Ἑτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ καλοσκεύασματα
Χρυσᾶς ποιήσας χλαμίδος ἥτις πορφυρεῖας,
Ἡ δὲ ἐλέφαντος, ἢ σμαράγδος ζωδια,
Εὖνεν νομίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθιστάναι,
Πλανᾷτ' ἰκεῖν, καὶ φρένας κεφαλῆς ἔχει.
Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνδρα χηρῶσιμον πεφυκέναι,
Μὴ παρθένους φθείροντα, μὴ μοιχῶμενον,
Κλέπτοντα, γὰρ σφάτιλοντα, χερσημάτων χάριν.
Μηδὲ βελόνης ἑναιμὶ ἐπιθυμῆς, Πάμφιλε,
Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σὲ πλησίον παρῶν.

" He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude
" of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, or purple garments, or figures of ivory, or precious gems,
" and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of GOD,
" is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding.

" For

“ For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be
 “ chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no
 “ adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre.
 “ Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another
 “ man’s needle; for GOD, who is near thee, perpetu-
 “ ally beholds thy actions.”

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the Omniscience of the DEITY; at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathens are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the antients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear GOD and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity, wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates, abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherly, Congreve and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflexion, worthy even that divine religion, which the last mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the antient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Οὗτος κράτιστος ἔστι ἀνὴρ, ὃς Γοργίας,
 Ὅστις ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖστον ἐπίσταται βροτῶν.

“ He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best
 “ knows among mortals how to bear injuries with pati-
 “ ence.”

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ὁ μὲν Ἐπιχάρμης τὰς Θεὰς εἶναι λέγει,
 Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρας
 Ἐγὼ δ' ἐπέλασεν χρησίμους εἶναι Θεὰς
 Τ' ἀργύριον ἡμῶν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μόνον.
 Ἰδρυσάμεναι τέττας γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν
 Εὖξαι τι βέλει, πάντα σοι γενήσεται,
 Ἄγροί, οἰκίαι, δερῶντες, ἀργυρώματα,
 Φίλοι, δικασταί, μάγιστροι —

“ Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the
 “ earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars, Gods. But
 “ I am of opinion that gold and silver are our only
 “ powerful and propitious deities. For when once you
 “ have introduced these into your house, wish for what
 “ you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a
 “ habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses.”

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. “ Menander,” says Plutarch, “ abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken
 “ from

courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage.

Every passion becomes weak, in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger: that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage; for equal danger, of any other kind, will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

Mechanical causes, therefore, may produce insensibility of danger, but it is absurd to suppose they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind by which a sense of danger is surmounted; and it cannot be said, without the utmost perversion of language, that a man is courageous, merely because he discovers no fear when he is sensible of no danger.

It is, indeed, true, that insensibility and courage produce the same effect; and when we see another unconcerned and chearful in a situation which would make us tremble, it is not strange that we should impute his tranquillity to the strength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a mason whistles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is suspended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he should fall he would inevitably perish; he is only reconciled by habit to a situation in which more danger is generally apprehended than exists; he has acquired no strength of mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; nor has he with respect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the scaffold would yet stand under it without apprehension; for the danger in both situations is both nearly equal, and depends upon the same incidents.

But the same insensibility is often substituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in those minds which every other occasion would shew to be destitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live
without

without terror upon the declivity of a vulcano, which the stranger ascends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every step, doubting whether to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames, which he hears roar beneath him, and sees issue at the summit : but let a woman who is thus become insensible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, she will look down into the abyss with terror, she will shudder at the thought of descending it, and tremble lest the brink should give way.

Against insensibility of real danger, we should not be less watchful than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless but honourable ; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil ; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which, yet, if he foresees, he can frequently prevent : fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation ; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes excessive we are unable to shun ; for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

A Peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Tom was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel who lived at Hull ; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the water side. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary and blew very fresh ; the waves began immediately to swell, and dashing with violence against the prow whitened into foam. The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much on one side, that the edge was frequently under water ; and Jack,
who

who expected it to overset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Tom, that the sails might be taken in ; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not without a miracle escape. Tom, with a sovereign contempt of his puffillanimity, derided his distress ; and Jack, on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his Crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope ; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off. In the mean time the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and sollicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors : he, therefore, renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again intreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances, he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth of distress ; “ Pshaw, damme, you fool,” says “ Tom, “ don’t be dead hearted. The more sail we “ carry, we shall be the sooner out of the weather.” Jack’s fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger ; but Tom was insensible of the danger when it arrived : he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when they should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which in its fall so much injured the helm, that it became impossible to steer, and in a very short time afterwards the vessel struck. The first moment in which Tom became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter-deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and asked,
if

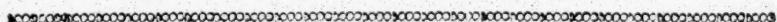
if any thing could yet be done to save their lives. Tom replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck ; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat. Jack, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Tom in his frenzy was about to cut off their last hope : he, therefore, caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Tom would have been deemed a hero and Jack a coward : but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility of danger as an indication of courage ; or impute cowardice to those, whose fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to answer its purpose.

There is one evil, of which multitudes are in perpetual danger, an evil, to which every other is as the drop of the bucket and the dust of the balance ; and yet, of this danger the greater part appear to be totally insensible.

Every man who wastes in negligence the day of salvation, stands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wisdom has chosen to express the conduct by which alone it can be escaped ; it is called “ a race, a watch, a work to “ be wrought with fear and trembling, a strife unto “ blood, and a combat with whatever can seduce or “ terrify, with the pleasures of sense and the power of “ angels.” The moment in which we shall be snatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard : it approaches silent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irresistible as the course of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force and propriety, is called the Second Death, should not, surely, be disregarded, merely, because it has been long impending ; and as there is no equivalent for which a man
can

can reasonably determine to suffer it, it cannot be considered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, should not be the enquiry, but how it may be shunned. And if in this daring age, it is impossible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero ; no reasonable being, surely, will be deterred by this consideration from the attempt : for what but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle ?



No. 107. *Tuesday, November 13, 1753.*

———— *Sub judice lis est.*

HOR.

And of their vain disputings find no end.

FRANCIS.

IT has been sometimes asked by those, who find the appearance of wisdom more easily attained by questions than solutions, how it comes to pass, that the world is divided by such difference of opinion ; and why men, equally reasonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the same manner.

With regard to simple propositions, where the terms are understood, and the whole subject is comprehended at once, there is such an uniformity of sentiment among all human beings, that for many ages, a very numerous set of notions were supposed to be innate, or necessarily coexistent with the faculty of reason ; it being imagined, that universal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the universal parent.

In questions diffuse and compounded, this similarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our first sally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one strait and open road ; but as we proceed further, and wider prospects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different scene ; we divide into
various

various paths, and, as we move forward, are still at a greater distance from each other. As a question becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied, not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one discovering consequences which escape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of causes and effects, and most comprehending but a very small part; each comparing what he observes with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpose.

Where, then, is the wonder, that they, who see only a small part, should judge erroneously of the whole? or that they, who see different and dissimilar parts, should judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various respects, must have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity: thus, the gardener tears up as a weed, the plant which the physician gathers as a medicine; and "a general," says Sir Kenelm Digby, "will look with pleasure over
 " a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires
 " might be decided in battle; which the farmer will de-
 " spise as bleak and barren, neither fruitful of pastu-
 " rage, nor fit for tillage."

Two men examining the same question, proceed commonly like the physician and gardener in selecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impressed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary conclusions, and each wonders at the other's absurdity.

We have less reason to be surprised or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, because we very often differ from ourselves: how often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; because the change is sometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the last conviction effaces all memory of the former; yet every man, accustomed from time to time to take a survey of his own notions, will by a slight retrospection be able to discover, that his mind has suffered many revolutions, that the same things have in the several parts of his life
 been

been condemned and approved, pursued and shunned; and that on many occasions, even when his practice has been steady, his mind has been wavering, and he has persisted in a scheme of action, rather because he feared the censure of inconstancy, than because he was always pleased with his own choice.

Of the different faces shewn by the same objects as they are viewed on opposite sides, and of the different inclinations which they must constantly raise in him that contemplates them, a more striking example cannot easily be found than two Greek Epigrammatists will afford us in their accounts of human life, which I shall lay before the reader in English prose.

Posidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint;
 “ Through which of the paths of life is it eligible to
 “ pass? in public assemblies are debates and troublesome
 “ affairs; domestic privacies are haunted with anxieties;
 “ in the country is labour; on the sea is terror; in a
 “ foreign land, he that has money must live in fear, he
 “ that wants it must pine in distress; are you mar-
 “ ried? you are troubled with suspicions; are you sin-
 “ gle? you languish in solitude; children occasion toil,
 “ and a childless life is a state of destitution; the time
 “ of youth is a time of folly, and grey hairs are loaded
 “ with infirmity. This choice only, therefore, can be
 “ made, either never to receive being, or immediately
 “ to lose it.”

Such and so gloomy is the prospect, which Posidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquiesce too hastily in his determination against the value of existence, for Metrodorus, a philosopher of Athens, has shewn, that life has pleasures as well as pains; and having exhibited the present state of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reason, a contrary conclusion.

“ You may pass well through any of the paths of life.
 “ In public assemblies are honours, and transactions of
 “ wisdom; in domestic privacy is stillness and quiet; in
 “ the country are the beauties of nature; on the sea is
 “ the hope of gain; in a foreign land, he that is rich
 “ is honoured, he that is poor may keep his poverty
 “ secret; are you married, you have a chearful house;
 “ are

“ are you single, you are unincumbered ; children are
 “ objects of affection ; to be without children is to be
 “ without care ; the time of youth is the time of vig-
 “ our ; and grey hairs are made venerable by piety. It
 “ will, therefore, never be a wise man’s choice, either
 “ not to obtain existence, or to lose it ; for every state of
 “ life has its felicity.”

In these epigrams are included most of the questions, which have engaged the speculations of the enquirers after happiness ; and though they will not much assist our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by shewing that no absolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public station, or private life be desirable, has always been debated : we see here both the allurements and discouragements of civil employment ; on one side there is trouble, on the other honour ; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wisdom can be conspicuously displayed : it must then still be left to every man to chuse either ease or glory ; nor can any general precept be given, since no man can be happy by the prescription of another.

Thus what is said of children by Posidippus, “ that they are occasions of fatigue,” and by Metrodorus. “ that they are objects of affection,” is equally certain ; but whether they will give most pain or pleasure must depend on their future conduct and dispositions, on many causes over which the parent can have little influence : there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and desire must be proportioned to the hope or fear that shall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty, in which we are always likely to remain with regard to questions, wherein we have most interest, and which every day affords us fresh opportunity to examine : we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, because our faculties are unequal to the subject : we see a little, and form an opinion ; we see more, and change it.

This inconstancy and unsteadiness, to which we must so often find ourselves liable, ought certainly to teach us
 modera-

moderation and forbearance towards those, who cannot accommodate themselves to our sentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their mistake to obstinacy or negligence, because we likewise have been mistaken: we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuse shall we be able to find for aversion and malignity conceived against him, whom we shall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refusing to follow us into error.

It may likewise contribute to soften that resentment, which pride naturally raises against opposition, if we consider, that he, who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each describes what he sees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his steps by his own eyes: one man, with Posidippus, looks on celibacy as a state of gloomy solitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in sorrow; the other considers it, with Metrodorus, as a state free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chuse his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in quest of pleasure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diversion; full of these notions, one hastens to chuse a wife, and the other laughs at his rashness, or pities his ignorance; yet it is possible that each is right, but that each is right only for himself.

Life is not the object of science: we see a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of those who have gone before us, we receive small satisfaction; some have travelled life without observation, and some willingly mislead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repose with comfort, is that which presents to us the care of Providence, whose eye takes in the whole of things, and under whose direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happiness.

T.

No. 108. *Saturday, November 17, 1753.*

*Nobis, cum simul occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetuò una dormienda.*

CATULLUS.

When once the short-liv'd mortal dies,
A night eternal seals his eyes.

ADDISON.

IT may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments, the mind of man may be said to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their successors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers: yet, who is there so insensible of the beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring?

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already; yet we hear it repeated without weariness, because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grot shaded with myrtles: yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted.

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that they find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower; a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the Inspired Poets of the Hebrews to our own times; yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels its justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such, likewise, is the precept, that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach: this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it will always be approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the dissertations of moralists: we see men pleasing themselves with future happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time; all complaining of their disappointment, and lamenting that they had suffered the years, which Heaven allowed them, to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reason and conscience declare necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue:
but

but good and evil are in real life inseparably united ; habits grow stronger by indulgence ; and reason loses her dignity in proportion as she has oftner yielded to temptation : “ He that cannot live well to-day,” says Martial, “ will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.”

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being seems to be convinced ; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to do right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour ; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we always imagine the perspicacity of our judgment and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time ; and, therefore, conclude that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed ; we see every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who, like us, were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off ; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projections, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have seen ambition sink in its triumphs, and beauty perish in its bloom ; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution, without suspecting that he intended to pursue it; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in antient or modern history, whatever region art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit: full of desire and hope he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none ever shall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good: but, perhaps, every man has like me lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature: the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without indurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftener subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is more
shameful

shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but, surely, nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

T

No. 109. Tuesday, November 20, 1753.

Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides. HOR.

You think me but as mad as all mankind.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

MONTESQUIEU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses, men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses, are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean Swift calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new-erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon

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her husband, a man of study and œconomy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with steady resolution but with equal tenderness, the lady complained that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public by weekly abuses of the present age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increased till at length it terminated in madness.

He on the right hand is a philosopher, who has lost his reason in a fruitless attempt to discover the causes of electricity.

He, on the left, is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meager man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was; and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plumb. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds,

pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to complete his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewise? alas! he has lost his wits in enquiring whether or no the antients wore perukes? as did his neighbour Cynthio by receiving a frown from his patron at the last levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look so earnestly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her disorder was occasioned by her seeing at court, last twelfth night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a sack far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchased thirty tickets in the last lottery. As he was a person of sanguine complexion and lively imagination, he was sure of gaining the ten thousand pounds, by the number of his chances. He spent a month in surveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable site for the fine house he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a most blooming and beautiful girl, whom he designed to honour as his bride. He bespoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harness were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagé, the taylor, was ordered to send to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths was to be adorned. But in the midst of these preparations for prosperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and instead of his villa on the banks

of the Thames, you now see him in these melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment was an honest footman, who was persuaded likewise to try his fortune in the same lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected sum, could not stand the shock of such sudden good fortune, but grew mad with excess of joy.

You wonder to see that cell beautified with Chinese vases and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuous lady Harriett Brittle, whose opinion was formerly decisive at all auctions, where she was usually appealed to about the genuineness of porcelain. She purchased, at an exorbitant price, a Mandarin, and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoisseurs, and were allowed to be inestimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chinese architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were considered; and were carefully packed up in different boxes: but the brutish waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were crushed to pieces. The poor lady's understanding could not survive so irreparable a loss; and her relations, to soothe her passion, have provided those Chelsea urns with which she has decorated her chamber, and which she believes to be true Nanquin.

Yonder miserable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a fashionable brothel, about a celebrated courtesan, killed a sea officer with whose face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon enquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years absent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell; you will there discover a lady of great worth and fine accomplishments, whose father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew she had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who possessed an unincumbered estate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She submitted to the orders of a stern father, with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her husband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and besides communicated to her an infamous distemper, which her natural modesty forbade

a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity: for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of Pity; although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong; Pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy, for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgences of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility; we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be unmingled, and which, therefore, we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were
assembled

affembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewn the ground with mangled limbs and carcases that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken; he repeated the list of Officers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched, and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. I forgot, said he, to relate one particular which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expostulations, persuasion and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his

fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance in anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoe, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musquet shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others; and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair; she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that should remain: but soon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her, from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered a servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the

the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair ; but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field ; and the moment she saw him she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place, without regarding any other object ; and stooping over the corps by which he stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds, and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known : but as she was weeping in the anguish of suspense, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffle, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant, she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason ; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness ; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage, without concern ; listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other, was for a while suspended ; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of pity : but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end ; and would have been glad, that such another could have been told, to continue their entertainment. Such was the benevolence of Pity ! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress ; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair ; an accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon the speaker, and all attention monopolized by the story.

Every one, however, was ready to afford her assistance ; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell her another story, which would revive the same sensations ; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, to enjoy the luxury of Pity, and applaud her benevolence for sensations which shewed its defects. It would indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection, that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us ; but if the mole, in the kindness of Unerring Wisdom is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not, surely, be praised for the perspicacity of its sight.

Let us distinguish that malignity, which others confound with Benevolence, and applaud as Virtue : let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect state, teach us humility ; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to create in us a new heart and a right spirit, and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only encrease our felicity ; because, in that place, there will be no object, but such as Perfect Benevolence can contemplate with delight.

No. III. Tuesday, November 27, 1753.

— *Quæ non fecimus ipsi,*

Vix ea nostra voco.

OVID. *

The deeds of long descended ancestors

Are but by grace of imputation ours.

DRYDEN.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them : and he, therefore, will

will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied conditions of life ; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gayety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that “ est miser nemo nisi comparatus.” “ no man is miserable, but as he is compared with others happier than himself :” this position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miserable ; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery but happiness only comparative ; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative : we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good ; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance ; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself ; and, therefore, it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained,
may

may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight, with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy, that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to himself; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles; whose estate is "*res non parata labore sed relicta,*" the "*acquisition of another, not of themselves;*" and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be
desirable

desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life, with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves; many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease, for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, “would fly for recreation,”

“tion,” says South, “to the mines and the galleys ;” and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those, who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity ; but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those, who live lazily on the toil of others ; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy ; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate ; the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents ; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompence ; but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness : he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason ; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which though not certain, he knows to be just ; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem ; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father ?

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity ; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer : but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence ; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus

Thus it appears that the satyrift advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to fuperior powers the determination of our lot.

*Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque fit utile nostris.
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.*

Intrufft thy fortune to the pow'rs above :
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wifdom fees thee want.
In goodnefs as in greatnefs they excell.
Ah ! that we lov'd ourfelves but half fo well. DRYD.

What ftate of life admits moft happinefs is uncertain ;
but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of
comparifon, and filence the murmurs of difcontent.

T

No. 112. Saturday, December 1, 1753.

— *Has pœnas garrula lingua dedit.* OVID.

Such was the fate of vain loquacity.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once defpifed, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weaknefs and timidity. A tame and indifcriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a confcioufnefs of their own dignity, by their power to repress infolence and filence ridicule ; and a general fhynefs and referve I confidered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an eafy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life is to be acquired, this opinion, which
continued

continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character or condition.

But I now wish, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve ; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead ; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England, to take possession of his estate, which was not inconceivable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own : he took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations ; and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might yet be transmitted intire to posterity : with this view, he said, he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead of the North, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place ; but as Providence
had

had otherwise determined, he intreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children; but I remembered that her person was agreeable, and her temper sweet: I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, whether my father's injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the North; having before opened an epistolary correspondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and a gaudy equipage: I, therefore, set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together: to this he consented, with as much frankness, and as little ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad; we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces and the villas, entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, market towns,
the

the imposition of inkeepers, and the sports of the field ; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinion.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other ; we asked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coldness, returned short and indirect answers to our enquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him ; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old putt should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion with an air of ceremonious gravity asked him, if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to the bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same ; but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent ; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane ; upon which we set up a horse laugh that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our journey, we
talked

talked of the adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great Affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene, in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment: without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice; and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to entreat that I would, therefore, discontinue my addresses. My surprize and concern at this declaration, were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured
him

him, in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted, that, on this occasion, to conceal the truth, was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer :

“ S I R,

“ **I**T is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives
 “ of my conduct, because they are much to your
 “ disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received
 “ from a worthy gentleman in this country, and contains
 “ a full answer to your enquiries, which I had rather
 “ you should receive in any hand than in mine.

“ I am your humble servant,

“ GEO. HOMESTEAD.”

I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows:

“ S I R,

“ **I** SAW a person with your family yesterday at the
 “ races, to whom, as I was soon after informed,
 “ you intend to give your daughter. Upon this occasion,
 “ it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you, that
 “ if his character is to be determined by his company,
 “ he will inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his
 “ posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the
 “ affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the
 “ road from London a few weeks ago, in company with
 “ a wretch, who by their discourse appeared to be his
 “ old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember
 “ to have been brought before my friend Justice Worthy,
 “ when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a
 “ brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable
 “ sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was
 “ obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a
 “ prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge
 “ of both; for some incidents, which it is not necessary to
 “ mention, kept

“ kept me near them so long on the road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

“ I am, SIR, yours, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN.”

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman, to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult: thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch, whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortification to hear, that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addressee, and whom Sir George had before rejected in the ardor of his friendship for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation!

I am your humble servant,

ABULUS.

No. 113. Tuesday, December 4, 1753.

Ad humum mærore gravi deducit & angit. HOR.

Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.

FRANCIS.

ONE of the most remarkable differences betwixt antient and modern tragedy, arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned

occasioned by the passion of love; a passion which, from the universality of its dominion, may doubtless justly claim a large share in representations of human life; but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his Phædra, "Why," said that severe critic, to his friend, "have you falsified the manners of Hippolytus, and represented him in love?" "Alas!" replied the poet, "without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?" And it may well be imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of the Oedipus, by the frigid and impertinent episode of Theseus's passion for Dirce.

Shakespear has shewn us, by his Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cæsar, and above all by his Lear, that very interesting tragedies may be written that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau was mistaken, when he affirmed,

——— *de l'amour la sensible peinture,
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.*

Those tender scenes that pictur'd love impart,
Insure success and best engage the heart.

The distresses in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occasioned by a rash resolution of an aged monarch of strong passions and quick sensibility, to resign his crown and to divide his kingdom amongst his three daughters; the youngest of whom, who was his favourite, not answering his sanguine expectations in expressions of affection to him, he for ever banishes, and endows her sisters with her allotted share. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities and cruelties he suffers from them, and the remorse he feels from his imprudent resignation of his power, at first inflame him with the most violent rage,
and

and by degrees drive him to madness and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I shall confine myself at present to consider singly the judgment and art of the poet, in describing the origin and progress of the distraction of Lear; in which, I think, he has succeeded better than any other writer; even than Euripides, himself, whom Longinus so highly commends for his representation of the madness of Orestes.

It is well contrived, that the first affront that is offered Lear, should be a proposal from Gonerill, his eldest daughter, to lessen the number of his knights, which must needs affect and irritate a person so jealous of his rank and the respect due to it. He is at first astonished at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this design; but quickly kindles into rage, and resolves to depart instantly.

————Darkness and devils————

Saddle my horses, call my train together——

Degen'rate bastard, I'll not trouble thee.——

This is followed by a severe reflection upon his own folly for resigning his crown; and a solemn invocation to Nature, to heap the most horrible curses on the head of Gonerill, that her own offspring may prove equally cruel and unnatural;

————That she may feel,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,

To have a thankless child!————

When Albany demands the cause of this passion, Lear answers, "I'll tell thee!" but immediately cries out to Gonerill.

————Life and death! I am asham'd,

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus.

————Blasts and fogs upon thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse,

Pierce every sense about thee!

He stops a little and reflects:

————Ha!

———Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so! I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage——

He was, however, mistaken; for the first object he encounters in the castle of the Earl of Gloucester, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his servant in the stocks; from whence he may easily conjecture what reception he is to meet with:

———Death on my state! Wherefore
 Should he sit here?

He adds immediately afterwards,

O me, my heart! my rising heart!—but down.

By which single line, the inexpressible anguish of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of opposite passions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expressed, than by the long and laboured speech, enumerating the causes of his anguish, that Rowe and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But Nature, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, represent the feelings of the heart in a different manner; by a broken hint, a short exclamation, a word, or a look:

They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt sighs and groans,
 Descriptions gay, or quaint comparisons.
 No flowery far-fetch'd thoughts their scenes admit;
 Ill suits conceit with passion, woe with wit.
 Here passion prompts each short, expressive speech;
 Or silence paints what words can never reach.

J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has discovered that Oedipus was the murderer of her husband, she immediately leaves the stage; but in Corneille and Dryden, she continues on it during a whole scene, to bewail her destiny in set speeches. I should be guilty of insensibility and injustice, if I did not take this occasion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this single line spoken by the only actor

actor of the age who understands and relishes these little touches of nature, and therefore the only one qualified to personate this most difficult character of Lear, than by the most pompous declaimer of the most pompous speeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next scene, the old king appears in a very distressful situation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be still actuated by filial tenderness, of the cruelties he had suffered from her sister Gonerill, in very pathetic terms :

————— Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught.—O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe,
With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan!

It is a stroke of wonderful art in the poet to represent him incapable of specifying the particular ill usage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly, as if his voice was choaked by tenderness and resentment.

When Regan counsels him to ask her sister forgiveness, he falls on his knees with a very striking kind of irony, and asks her how such supplicating language as this becometh him ;

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But being again exhorted to sue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations against Gonerill, which, though they chill the soul with horror, are yet well suited to the impetuosity of his temper :

She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness ! ———
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! ———

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to be out-cast from Regan also, adds very movingly ;

—————'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes. ———
————— Thou better know'st
'The offices of nature, bond of childhood ———
'The half o'th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd —————

That the hopes he had conceived of tender usage from Regan should be deceived, heightens his distress to a great degree. Yet it is still aggravated and increased, by the sudden appearance of Gonerill ; upon the unexpected sight of whom he exclaims ;

————— Who comes here ? O heav'ns !
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down and take my part !

This address is surely pathetic beyond expression ; it is scarce enough to speak of it in the cold terms of criticism. There follows a question to Gonerill, that I have never read without tears ;

Ar't not ashamed to look upon this beard ?

This scene abounds with many noble turns of passion ; or rather conflicts of very different passions. The in-human daughters urge him in vain by all the sophistical and unfilial arguments they were mistresses of, to diminish the number of his train. He answers them by only four poignant words ;

I gave you all !

When Regan at last consents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be served by her own domestics, he can no longer contain his disappointment and rage. First he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a spectacle that is indeed inimitably affecting ;

You

You see me here, you Gods ! a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age, wretched in both :
 If it be you that stir these daughters hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely !

Then suddenly he addresses Gonerill and Regan in the severest terms and with the bitterest threats :

————— No, you unnatural hags !
 I will have such revenges on you both
 That all the world shall—I will do such things—
 What they are yet, I know not —————

Nothing occurs to his mind severe enough for them to suffer, or him to inflict. His passion rises to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will subdue his sorrow, though almost irresistible : and that they shall not triumph over his weakness :

————— You think I'll weep !
 No ? I'll not weep ; I have full cause of weeping ;
 But this heart shall break into a thousand flaws,
 Or e'er I'll weep ! —————

He concludes,

O fool ————— I shall go mad ! —————

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciously prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the succeeding acts.

Z

No. 114. Saturday, December 8, 1753.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
 Alteram sortem bene præparatum
 Pectus. —————*

HOR.

Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
 With Virtue's tranquil wisdom blest ;

L 2

With

With hope the gloomy hour can chear,
And temper happiness with fear. FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple, with his body turned towards the east and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

“ Almet,” said the stranger, “ thou seest before thee
“ a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed
“ with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the
“ means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet
“ happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of
“ time, because it glides away without enjoyment;
“ and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities
“ of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive.
“ Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my
“ heart sinks, when I anticipate the moment, in which
“ eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life, like
“ the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of
“ my existence more durable than the furrow which
“ remains after the waves have united. If in the
“ treasures of thy wisdom, there is any precept to obtain
“ felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose I
“ am come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest
“ like all the former it should be disappointed.” Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and, stretching out his hand towards Heaven, “ Stranger,” said he, “ the knowledge
“ which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.”

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple

ple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me ; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſollicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. Wretched mortals, ſaid I, to what purpoſe are ye buſy ? if to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed ? Do the linens of Egypt, and the ſilks of Perſia, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the camels that bring them ? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe, to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar ? or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverse the deſart ; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon ; where no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger ; of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay ? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds ſparkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine ; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature ; to whom even the viciffitude of day and night is not known ; who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour ? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man ! and if there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made ?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crouds of Mecca diſappeared. I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him, I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. “ Almet,” ſaid he, “ thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy

“counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding: it is again open before thee; look up, consider it and be wise.”

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottos and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forward by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: “The book of nature,” said he, “is before thee; look up, consider it and be wise.” I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade;

shade; the sun burned in the Zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence: sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: "Almet," said he, "remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which he did not yet enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and flowers of this wilderness lose

“ their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give
 “ pleasure or pain.

What then has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched is acquired by Virtue: and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou may’st direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify GOD to men.”

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple, The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be Above. Thus shalt thou “ rejoice in Hope,” and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

No. 115. Tuesday, December 11, 1753.

Scribimus indocti doctique.

HOR.

All dare to write, who can or cannot read.

THEY who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar

peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honours; every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed and devastation: this sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions, by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be styled with great propriety The Age of Authors; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were positing with ardour so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those, who by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind: but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not contented with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though, it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or with-holds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic

excellence, and a female writer like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of excentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have seen a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustan age, that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone, riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time, when every man writes, any man will patronize; and accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the
the

the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret; nor can I discover, whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual malady; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect the steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansions of his ancestors; who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of antient Ægypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length, there was no people beside themselves; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus, among us, writers will, perhaps, be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height: I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start a useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance

chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by this plea ; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally enquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified ; and since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what test he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat ; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments ; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style clear, pure, nervous and expressive ; if his topics be probable and persuaory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance and imagery, to display the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modular periods.

If it be again enquired, upon what principles any man shall conclude that he wants these powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means ; he only can rationally presume that he understands a subject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto discussed it, familarized their arguments to himself by long meditation, consulted the foundations of different systems, and separated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to suppose that he can express his thoughts, whatever they are, with perspicuity or elegance, who has carefully perused the best authors, accurately noted their diversities of style, diligently

diligently selected the best modes of diction, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may without hesitation determine, that he is about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct: he that without forming his style by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may suggest, he shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the depravation of taste and the corruption of language.

T.

No. 116. Saturday, December 15, 1753.

——— *Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctû,
Et furiis agitated amor, & conscia virtus.* VIRGIL.

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame his soul oppress:
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought.
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.

DRYDEN.

THUNDER and a ghost have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impress terror and astonishment, where the distress has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpose for the sake of the sufferers, and where these objects themselves have not been supported by suitable sentiments. Thunder has, however, been made use of with great judgment and good effect by Shakespeare, to heighten and impress the distresses of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out
by

by both his daughters, without necessaries and without attendance, not only in the night, but in the midst of a most dreadful storm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his first appearance in this situation, he draws an artful and pathetic comparison betwixt the severity of the tempest and of his daughters:

Rumble thy belly full! spit fire! spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man!

The storm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the consideration of his own miseries, and takes occasion to moralize on the terrors which such commotions of nature should raise in the breast of secret and unpunished villainy:

———Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand:
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous!———

———Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace!—

He adds with reference to his own case,

——— I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent most earnestly entreats him to enter a hovel which he had discovered on the heath; and on pressing him again and again to take shelter there, Lear exclaims,

Wilt break my heart?

Much is contained in these four words; as if he had said, “ the kindness and the gratitude of this servant
“ exceeds that of my own children. Tho’ I have giv-
“ en

“ en them a kingdom, yet have they basely discarded
 “ me, and suffered a head so old and white as mine to
 “ be exposed to this terrible tempest, while this fellow
 “ pities and would protect me from its rage. I can-
 “ not bear this kindness from a perfect stranger; it
 “ breaks my heart,” All this seems to be included in
 that short exclamation, which another writer, less ac-
 quainted with nature, would have displayed at large:
 such a suppression of sentiments plainly implied, is judi-
 cious and affecting. The reflections that follow are
 drawn likewise from an intimate knowledge of man :

When the mind's free,
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.

Here the remembrance of his daughters behaviour
 rushes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of
 its unparalleled cruelty,

—— Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand
 For lifting food to't!——

He then changes his stile, and vows with impotent me-
 naces, as if still in possession of the power he had resign-
 ed, to revenge himself on his oppressors, and to steel his
 breast with fortitude:

—— But I'll punish home.
 No, I will weep no more!——

But the sense of his sufferings returns again, and he for-
 gets the resolution he had formed the moment before:

In such a night
 To shut me out?—Pour on, I will endure:——
 In such a night as this?——

At which, with a beautiful apostrophe, he suddenly ad-
 dresses himself to his absent daughters, tenderly remind-
 ing them of the favours he had so lately and so liberally
 conferred upon them:

—— O Regan, Gonerill,
 Your old kind father; whose frank heart gave all!—
 O that

O that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that!——

The turns of passion in these few lines, are so quick and so various, that I thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the misfortunes of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation. The following reflections of Lear in his next speech, when his passion has subsided for a short interval, are equally proper and striking:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these!

He concludes with a sentiment finely suited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the closet of every monarch upon earth:

O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just!—

Lear being at last persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contriv'd to lodge there Edgar, the discarded son of Gloucester, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad beggar haunted by an evil dæmon, and whose supposed sufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildness of fancy. “ Whom the
“ foul fiend hath led thro' fire and thro' flame, thro'
“ ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that
“ hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his
“ pew; set ratsbane in his porridge; made him proud
“ of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four
“ inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.
“ —Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold!” The assumed
madness

madness of Edgar and the real distraction of Lear, form a judicious contrast.

Upon perceiving the nakedness and wretchedness of this figure, the poor king asks a question that I never could read without strong emotions of pity and admiration;

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

And when Kent assures him, that the beggar hath no daughters, he hastily answers;

Death, traitor, nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of the misery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following serious and pathetic reflection: "Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come unbutton here."

Shakespeare has no where exhibited more inimitable strokes of his art, than in this uncommon scene; where he has so well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jestings of the fool, which in other hands must have sunk into burlesque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of such opposite and tumultuous passions, it is not wonderful that his "wits should now begin to unsettle." The first plain indication of the loss of his reason, is his calling Edgar "a learned Theban;" and telling Kent, that, "he will keep still with his philosopher." When he next appears, he imagines he is punishing his daughters. The imagery is extremely strong, and chills one with horror to read it.

To

To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon them!——

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and liveliness, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were present to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himself suddenly restored to his kingdom, and seated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll see their trial first; bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice take thy place;
And thou, his yoke fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill——
And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.——

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims,

———Stop her there.

Arms, arms, sword, fire—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

A Circumstance follows that is strangely moving indeed; for he fancies that his favourite domestic creatures, that used to fawn upon and caress him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to insult him:

———The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see! they bark at me!

He again resumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; "See what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts! You, Sir," speaking to Edgar, "I entertain for one of my Hundred;" a circumstance most artfully introduced to remind us of the first affront he received, and to fix our thoughts on the causes of his distraction.

General criticism is on all subjects useless and unentertaining; but is more than commonly absurd with respect to Shakespeare, who must be accompanied step by step, and scene by scene, in his gradual developments

lovements of characters and passions, and whose finer features must be singly pointed out, if we would do complete justice to his genuine beauties. It would have been easy to have declared, in general terms, "that the "madness of Lear was very natural and pathetic;" and the reader might then have escaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well known quotations: but then it had been impossible to exhibit a perfect picture of the secret workings and changes of Lear's mind, which vary in each succeeding passage, and which render an allegation of each particular sentiment absolutely necessary.

Z

No. 117. Tuesday, December 18, 1753.

Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes. VIRG.

Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.
DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have often been told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense ; and to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him ; he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies ; and those, whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests : his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain ; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation ; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to engraft Virtue ; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends ; and after a few months courtship I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite ; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future ; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance ; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers ; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency ; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous extasy of love, for the calm rational and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I waked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine ; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we are alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome ; my assiduities to recover his attention and excite him to cheerfulness, were

were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety ; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous ; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it ; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals : thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy ; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against fordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature ; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity ; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit ; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade ; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre ;

to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where in the ardour of his first address I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore be brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risque of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse, myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice;

choice ; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable ; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop ; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage ; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself : I therefore took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home ; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired : that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped : but the lingering hour at length arrived ; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had,

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him ; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words " I understand." At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art ; but I reflected it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased ; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation ; and it is difficult to determine, whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario ; I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

No. 118. Saturday, December 22, 1753.

— Animorum

Impulsu, et cæcâ magnaue cupidine ducti.

Juv.

By blind impulse of eager passion driv'n.

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the
room

room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, run to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment ; but at this moment I discovered with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased ; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him ; but, at the next step, stood fixed, in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and, dragging me to the candle, gazed steadfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten ; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile ; his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice scarce articulate, that " though " I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an " acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, " yet I should not have screamed so loud. After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume : and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, " he would leave me to his care." Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply ; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me ; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress : Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake.

He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband ; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended : while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore he pressed my hand with great ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love ; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain that character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address in such circumstances, what could I reply ? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints ; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, “ how he had procured his habit, and whether it had “ not been hired by Hilario.” He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it : “ I hired it,” said he, “ myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock Street ; but when I came to demand it, I was “ told it had been the subject of much confusion and “ dispute. When I made my agreement, the master “ was absent ; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him “ with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of “ the servant, made the same agreement with another ; “ but I know not with whom ; and it was with great “ difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, “ after he had been convinced of the mistake.”

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not ; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded ; detected in all the
circum-

circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought ; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber ; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet ; for I had not made a confidante, even of my woman : it contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him : to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal, not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent ; and at this moment, I would have given the world to have been restored to that state, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit : this threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, "What," said he, "have you paid for this intelligence ? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you ? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself ?" Here he paused for my reply ; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent : my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. "I know," said he, "that Caprinus related this incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others : but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of acci-

“dent with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which “you have brought upon my name.” With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, “Whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired?” As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that “he, who has so kindly “directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor, nor to acquaint them what testimony they were “to give.”

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and, if possible, preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt: it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that “Hilario, “who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade “to a bagnio, and surprized me with a fellow.” It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they called nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I stayed at home, I saw no face but my servants. Those, whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked GOD they had never yet picked up

up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst; every libertine, whose fortune authorised the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to A B, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorized to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the Adventurer, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those, who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less shew of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because "with whatsoever judgment" men judge they shall be judged;" a truth, which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impose silence upon the censorious and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies, who read my story,

will never hear, but with indignation, that the understanding of a Libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

DESDEMONA.

No. 119. Tuesday, December 25, 1753.

*Latiùs regnes, avidum domando
Spiritus, quàm si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pænus
Serviat uni.*

HOR.

By virtue's precepts to controul
The thirsty cravings of the soul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine.

FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was asked, "which of mortal
"men was to be accounted nearest to the
"GODS in happiness?" he answered, "that man,
"who is in want of the fewest things."

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he were not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few;
and

and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to lose what they already possess, by endeavours to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore, happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by a quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the Gods, by any other means than grasping at their power; that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deploras the shortness; and it may be remarked with equal justice, that though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must indeed, be allowed, that as we lose part of our time because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed before we recollect that it is passing; so unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awaken us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewise is sacrificed to custom; we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chace, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which, perhaps, in a

state of nature are superfluous ; and that many things, not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I will make yet a more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour ; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important ; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design, and will, therefore, scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honours always to be repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer any benefit upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles ; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom shall we find among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of attainment ? One man is beggaring his posterity to build a house, which when finished he never will inhabit ; another is levelling mountains to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more ; another is painting cielings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer or finer than his own.

That splendor and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate ; but if we enquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can shew greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the shew
when

when the reality is wanting ; or voluntarily to become poor, that strangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated ; who are wasting their lives, in stratagems to obtain a book in a language, which they do not understand ; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre ; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death ; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these fages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has conversed but little with the race of virtuofos. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value ; nor any thing of so little use, but that by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessaries of life.

Desires like these, I may surely, without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind ; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence, than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds : in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow ; but while his organs were thus depraved the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by compliance. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind ; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants : the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon yet a higher consideration; they must be considered as enemies not only to Happiness but to Virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor to an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. These are faults, which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation: but I shall always fear that he, who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater; "he that has hardened himself by killing a sheep," says Pythagoras, "will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man."

To prize every thing according to its real use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to Happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, "How many things are here which I do not want!"

T

No. 120. Saturday, December 29, 1753.

————— *Ultima semper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supermaque funera debet. OVID.

But no frail man, however great or high,
 Can be concluded blest before he die. ADDISON.

THE numerous miseries of human life have extorted in all ages an universal complaint. The wisest of men terminated all his experiments in search of happiness, by the mournful confession, that "all is
 "vanity;"

“vanity;” and the antient patriarchs lamented, that the “days of their pilgrimage were few and evil.”

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more superfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any assertion of which our own eyes will more easily discover, or our sensations more frequently impress the truth, than that misery is the lot of man, that our present state is a state of danger and infelicity.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprice of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or, to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to over-spread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and “no complainings in the streets.” But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and discontent still continue their havock: the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, and beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and finds all sitting vacant and disengaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleasure; would naturally

turally imagine, that he had reached at last the metropolis of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart from whence all fear and anxiety were irreversibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those, who from a lower station look up to the pomp and gayety which they cannot reach; but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the observation of others, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are pressed by real necessities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expence of many comforts and conveniencies of life.

Many, however are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that discord or suspicion, by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed; and must always be even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependents, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence supplied

supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But, surely, the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A Good Man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance: the Good Man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A Good Man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil: his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain; his house flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or stone; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and langour.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a Future State; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the Justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the Mercy as the Justice of GOD. It is scarcely to be imagin-
ed,

ed, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance and anticipate it by terror, if he was not designed for something nobler and better than a state, in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment; in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel: there will surely come a time, when every capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly, that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher Power, those blessings which in the wantonness of success we consider as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit, and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. O Death! "how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that "lives at ease in his possessions." If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquillity, we should never willingly think upon its end; death would then surely surprize us as "a thief in the night;" and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till "the night came "when no man can work."

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of Divine Displeasure;

sure; since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those, "of whom the world was not worthy;" and the Redeemer of Mankind himself was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

T

No. 121. Tuesday, January 1, 1754.

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;*

Multa quoque et bello passus. ————— VIRG.

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.

Long labours, both by sea and land he bore,
And in the doubtful war. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

A FEW nights ago after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a Flea but a Louse, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in saint Stephen's chapel.

Sir, said he, it has been remarked by those, who have been enriched themselves from the minds of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember, that I have brought calamity upon myself
by

by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the Barbarians of the North, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the aurum potabile running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger.

In

In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unsavory smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and as soon as we had a little recovered from the fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous duration which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head; by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart

smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

I was so terrified at this accident that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning, and therefore began my repast which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long fasted my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and after several efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause: pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken;

saken; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hand to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment found myself in the toupee of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new mistress.

In this place the hair was so thin that it scarce afforded me shelter, except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress; here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the burning forceps of a crisping iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening, I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it; nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning, and despairing to obtain a character,

rafter, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair *a-la-mode de-la-cour*, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the situation of my patron was of great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuenhoeck's experiments upon the increase of our species, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and reclusive life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those that had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from
my

my family when I least suspected it; and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglass thro' which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak, and the window being open I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered perriwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a perriwig, a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope: I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me, I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter,

I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for among other patients in the same ward was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment,
I had

I had some languid hope of passing the gulph unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blither.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that tho' I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence, as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch: which neither pincers nor razors shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

At this hope so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me: but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that The Life of Man is not less exposed to Evil; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in Temporal Possessions, are equally chimerical and absurd.

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

DORMITOR.

No. 122. Saturday, January 5, 1754.

*Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.* HOR.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words:
He that wou'd have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well but movingly.
ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occasioned by a close and continued attention of the mind to a single object, Shakespeare judiciously represents the resignation of his crown to daughters so cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the distraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itself with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the Fourth Act: "No, they cannot touch me for coining: I am the king himself." He believes himself to be raising recruits, and censures the inability and unskilfulness of some of his soldiers: "There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do it." The art of our poet is transcendent in thus making a passage that even borders on burlesque, strongly expressive of the madness he is painting. Lear suddenly thinks himself in the field; "there's my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant:" and that he has shot his arrow successfully; "O well flown barb! i'th' clout, i'th' clout, hewgh! give the word." He then recollects the falsehood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in some pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempest to which he was so lately exposed: "Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! They flattered me like a dog, and told me, I had white
" hairs

" hairs on my beard ere the black ones were there. To
 " say ay, and no, to every thing that I said—ay and no
 " too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to
 " wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when
 " the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I
 " found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they're not
 " men of their words; they told me I was every thing:
 " 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof." The impotence of
 royalty to exempt its possessor, more than the meanest
 subject, from suffering natural evils, is here finely hinted
 at.

His friend and adherent Glo'ter, having been
 lately deprived of sight, enquires if the voice he hears
 is not the voice of the king: Lear instantly catches the
 word, and replies with great quickness.

————— Ay, every inch a king:
 When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!
 I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
 Adultery? no, thou shalt not die: die for adultery!

He then makes some very severe reflections on the hypo-
 crisy of lewd and abandoned women, and adds, " Fie,
 " fie, fie; pah, pah; Give me an ounce of civet, good
 " apothecary, to sweeten my imagination;" and as
 every object seems to be present to the eyes of the luna-
 tic, he thinks he pays for the drug; " there's money
 " for thee!" Very strong and lively also is the imagery
 in a succeeding speech, where he thinks himself viewing
 his subjects punished by the proper officer:

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
 Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whip'st her!—————

This circumstance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of
 rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and
 injustice; and this fine satire is couched in two different
 metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and
 elegance:

Though

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has some faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier:

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Glo'ster:

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry——
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools!——

This tender complaint of the miseries of human life bears so exact a resemblance with the following passage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:

*Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum.*

Then with distressful cries he fills the room,
Too sure presages of his future doom. DRYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman; on such a subject it is almost impossible but that two persons of genius and sensibility must feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities and meditates revenge:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well suited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word "kill" forcibly represent his rage, and desire of revenge, and must affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this instant Cordelia sends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which she is threatened by her sisters: the wretched king is so accustomed to misery, and so hopeless of succour, that when

the messenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himself taken captive and mortally wounded:

No rescue? what a prisoner? I am e'en
The nat'ral fool of fortune: use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons:
I am cut to th' brains.——

Cordelia at length arrives; an opiate is administered to the king, to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind; and a most interesting interview ensues between this daughter that was so unjustly suspected of disaffection, and the rash and mistaken father. Lear during his slumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the stage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a speech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when she first sees him:

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

The dreadfulneſs of that night is expreſſed by a circumſtance of great humanity; for which kind of ſtrokes Shakeſpeare is as eminent as for his poetry:

My very enemy's dog,
Tho' he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou ſain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw?——

Lear begins to awake; but his imagination is ſtill diſtemper'd, and his pain exquisite:

You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave.
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead ——

When Cordelia in great affliction aſks him if he knows her, he replies.

You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?

This reply heightens her diſtreſs; but his ſenſibility beginning to return, ſhe kneels to him, and begs his benediction.

nediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruse his answer without tears :

———Pray do not mock me :

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful : for I'm mainly ignorant,
 What place this is.——Do not laugh at me;
 For as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.——

The humility, calmness and sedateness of this speech, opposed to the former rage and indignation of Lear, is finely calculated to excite commiseration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious suspicion he had cherished against this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man entreats her “not to weep,” and tells her that “if she has prepared poison for him, he is ready to drink it; for I know,” says he, “you do not, you cannot love me, after my cruel usage of you : your sisters have done me much wrong, of which I have some faint remembrance, you have some cause to hate me, they have none.” Being told that he is not in France but in his own kingdom, he answers hastily, and in connection with that leading idea which I have before insisted on, “Do not abuse me”——and adds, with a meekness and contrition that are very pathetic, “Pray now forget and forgive; I am old, and foolish.”

Cordelia is at last slain : the lamentations of Lear are extremely tender and affecting; and this accident is so severe and intolerable, that it again deprives him of his intellect, which seemed to be returning.

His last speech, as he surveys the body, consists of such simple reflections as nature and sorrow dictate :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more;
 Never, never, never, never, never!——

The heaving and swelling of his heart is described by a most expressive circumstance:

Pray you undo this button. Thank you Sir:
 Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
 Look there, look there—— (dies.)

I shall transiently observe, in conclusion of these remarks, that this drama is chargeable with considerable imperfections. The plot of Edmund against his brother, which distracts the attention, and destroys the unity of the fable; the cruel and horrid extinction of Glo'ster's eyes, which ought not to be exhibited on the stage; the utter improbability of Glo'ster's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover cliff; and some passages that are turgid and full of strained metaphors; are faults which the warmest admirers of Shakespeare will find it difficult to excuse. I know not, also, whether the cruelty of the daughters is not painted with circumstances too savage and unnatural; for it is not sufficient to say, that this monstrous barbarity is founded on historical truth, if we recollect the just observation of Boileau,

Le vray peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.

Some truths may be too strong to be believed.

Z

SOMES.

No. 123. Tuesday, January 8, 1754.

———*Jam protervâ
 Fronte petet Lalage maritum.*

HOR.

The maid whom now you court in vain,
 Will quickly run in quest of man.

I HAVE before remarked, that “to abstain from
 “the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law,
 which has every characteristic of Divinity; and I have
 in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to en-
 force the practice of it, by an illustration of its excel-
 lence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of
 guilt,

guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction: and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the Individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he, who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation; and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed, that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general when the town is surrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the out-works are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute; if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away
the

the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to allege the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a license, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still

still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance ; and though some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolance, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed ; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality ; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim ; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit : these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered ; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed ; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, which it was an honour to provoke, or to slander which it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less ; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast ; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table,

was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project, Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection
" were

“ were insuperable obstacles to his marriage : that
 “ where there was no liberty, there could be no hap-
 “ piness : that he should become indifferent to the en-
 “ dearments of love, when they could no longer be
 “ distinguished from the officiousness of duty : that
 “ while they were happy in the possession of each other,
 “ it would be absurd to suppose they would part ; and
 “ that if his happiness should cease, it would not only
 “ ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably
 “ united ; that this event was less probable, in pro-
 “ portion as their cohabitation was voluntary ; but that
 “ he would make such provision for her upon the
 “ contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death.
 “ He conjured her not to determine under the influ-
 “ ence of prejudice and custom: but according to the
 “ laws of reason and nature. After mature delibera-
 “ tion, said he, remember that the whole value of my
 “ life depends upon your will. I do not request an
 “ explicit consent, with whatever transport I might
 “ behold the lovely confusion which it might produce.
 “ I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety,
 “ though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits
 “ for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admit-
 “ ted, we will never part ; if it is rejected, I can see
 “ you no more.

No. 124. Saturday, January 21, 1754.

——— *Incedis per ignes*
Suppositos cineri doloso.

HOR.

With heedless feet on fires you go,
 That hid in treacherous ashes glow.

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as
 well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this
 proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio
 should be admitted no more. But his letter was a
 temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not
 resist ; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the

whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph ; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as a captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was ; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardor of his passion to her mother ; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled ; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was
hesitating

hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla, was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger; a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first that acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the paternal benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of
her

her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate but increase: a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he only wrote to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken "Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked "it; and if her extravagances had distressed him, he "would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never "have another shilling of his money; and that he was "determined to see him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her, to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulations from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet great-

er assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at the opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, "that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, and she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious: she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid." This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had im-
plied

plied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that "those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of the lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and fashion sufficiently authorized." Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that
"he

“ he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it
“ was of the utmost importance to his honour and his
“ peace to resolve: he intreated that he might conti-
“ nue in the apartment another year; that as he should
“ again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would
“ suffer no incident, which might confirm either his
“ hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his ab-
“ sence; and that at his return she would give him
“ such an account as would at least deliver him from
“ the torment of suspense, and determine his future
“ conduct.”

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially, to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidante was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal; and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; “ because,” said he, “ I know that my father keeps a
“ watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, there-
“ fore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either
“ intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as
“ will

“ will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more.” To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

No. 125. Tuesday, January 15, 1754.

————— *Uxorem, Postume ducis?*
Dic quâ Tisiphonè, quibus exagitare colubris? JUV.

A sober man, like thee, to change his life?
 What fury could possess thee with a wife? DRYDEN.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child, and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered his life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her : this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first ; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window ; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eyes at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room : She was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency ; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance ; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom

whom she suckled, grew very fast ; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears ; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father ; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependents ; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion ; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less chearful ; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection ; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father ; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question was evaded ; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his father ; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed, to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge ; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him,

him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her ; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise ; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries ; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, “ that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad ; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused.” This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion ; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance ; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child’s birth, had been evaded ; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had, robbed him of his patrimony, his honour and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy ; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him, not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived ; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house ; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius a brother of Mercator’s mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship ; and, soothing him with expressions of condolance and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented : he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed
to

to listen like the rest ; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended ; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing : but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room ; and to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, " the resentment which " he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased " by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now " become notoriously infamous ; for that she had been " seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom " she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony ; for which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings but go home with him ; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence ; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready ; her impatience was increased ; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her ; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a
billet

billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew;

nephew ; but after much entreaty and expostulations at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla ; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words :

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not
“ be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those
“ in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your
“ sake, wish them other than they are. The dear in-
“ fant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my
“ side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment.
“ I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most ear-
“ nestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have
“ the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with
“ the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips
“ while they are yet sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart : he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her ; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late ; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair now totally subverted his reason.

reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body ; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla ; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

No. 126. Saturday, January 19, 1754.

————— *Steriles nec legit arenas*
Ut caneret paucis, merſitque hoc pulvere verum.

LUCAN.

Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confin'd?
That he would chuse this waste, this barren ground, }
To teach the thin inhabitants around, }
And leave his truth in wilds and desarts drown'd ? }

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement ; and some most pleasing compositions produced in every age, contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them ; that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear ; that the kindness of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many ; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread

spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquility, and die while they talk of doing what if they had lived longer they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the present gratification of their passions. Of these, some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact; and think no state of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of censure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind, more elegance, purity and truth than the mingled mass of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falshood and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, and exemption from the shocks and perturbations with which public scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents he has lost his flatterers, that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he, whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended

mended by transferring his attention from others to himself; he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquillity which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades: these likewise are apt to wonder at their disappointment, from want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate carried with them to their country seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him, who having done nothing can receive no support from his own importance, who having known nothing can find no entertainment in reviewing the past, and who intending nothing can form no hopes from prospects of the future: he can, surely, take no wiser course, than that of losing himself again in the croud, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with science, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society: he that never

compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions, he, therefore, often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows that no others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel the ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep rather than labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention intitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears "to pass through things temporary," with no other care than "not to lose finally the things eternal," I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men: but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

Our

Our MAKER, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly intended, that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptations of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations : of these it is undoubtedly the duty, to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy ; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy : for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so inspirited with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard : these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind : they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life ; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

T

No. 127. Tuesday, January 22, 1754.

———— *Veteres ità miratur, laudatque !* ————

HOR.

The wits of old he praises and admires.

“ IT is very remarkable,” says Addison, “ that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the anti-
 “ ents, in poetry, painting, oratory, history, archi-
 “ tecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which
 O 2 “ depend

“ depend more upon genius than experience; we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule.” As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it deserves I think to be examined by a deduction of particulars and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreeable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Tasso, Ariosto, and Camoens, the three most celebrated of modern Epic Poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment and style by Homer and Virgil, it would be serious trifling to attempt to prove: but Milton, perhaps, will not so easily resign his claim to equality, if not to superiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to dispute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is intirely owing to the sublime conceptions he has copied from The Book of GOD. These, therefore, must be taken away before we begin to make a just estimate of his genius; and from what remains, it cannot, I presume, be said, with candor and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer, in the sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the strength and majesty of his diction.

Shakespeare, Corneille, and Racine, are the only modern writers of Tragedy, that we can venture to oppose to Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The first is an author so uncommon and excentric, that we can scarcely try him by dramatic rules. In strokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks: in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama, he is vastly inferior. Of the three moderns, the most faultless is the tender and exact Racine; but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides; which, indeed, cannot escape the observation of those who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman sentiments of Corneille, are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus; the former of whom, by a strange perversion of taste, he is known

to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not so pure and mellifluous, his characters not so various and just, nor his plots so regular, so interesting and simple, as those of his pathetic rival. It is by this simplicity of fable alone, when every single act, and scene, and speech, and sentiment, and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixed upon one principal object, which must be necessarily lessened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The assertion of Addison with respect to the first particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unquestionably true, till nature in some distant age, for in the present enervated with luxury she seems incapable of such an effort, shall produce some transcendent genius, of power to eclipse the *Iliad* and the *Œdipus*.

The superiority of the antient artists in Painting, is not perhaps so clearly manifest. They were ignorant, it will be said, of light, of shade, and perspective; and they had not the use of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harshness and discordance, to give a boldness and relief to the figures, and to form those middle Tints which render every well wrought piece a closer resemblance of nature. Judges of the truest taste do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of justness of design, and force of expression. In these two highest and most important excellencies, the antient painters were eminently skilled, if we trust the testimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian: and we are obliged to credit them, if we would form to ourselves any idea of these artists at all; for there is not one Grecian picture remaining; and the Romans, some few of whose works have descended to this age, could never boast of a Parrhasius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whose performances, the two accomplished critics abovementioned speak in terms of rapture and admiration. The statues that have escaped the ravages of time, as the *Hercules* and *Laocoon*, for instance, are still a stronger demon-

demonstration of the power of the Grecian artists in expressing the passions; for what was executed in marble, we have presumptive evidence to think, might also have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the last valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the Venus in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generously confessed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to speak my opinion freely on a very disputable point, I must own that if the moderns approach the antients in any of the arts here in question, they approach them nearest in The Art of Painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted, than "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, and "The Transfiguration" of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's "Paul preaching at Athens?" What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jesus, in his famous "Holy Family?" What more graceful than "The Aurora" of Guido? What more deeply moving than "The Massacre of the Innocents," by Le Brun?

But no modern Orator can dare to enter the lists with Demosthenes and Tully. We have discourses, indeed, that may be admired for their perspicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none that abound in a sublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning; which irresistibly and instantaneously convinces, without leaving him leisure to weigh the motives of conviction. The sermons of Bourdaloue, the funeral orations of Bossuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Pellifson for his disgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any resemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the sublime, and confines the speaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry mat-
ters

ters of fact ; yet, surely, the Religion of the moderns abounds in topics so incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the most frigid and barren genius : much more might this success be reasonably expected from such geniuses as Britain can enumerate ; yet no piece of this sort, worthy applause or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among professed scholars, that are able to read the ancient Historians in their inimitable originals, are startled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides ; that is, the most verbose and tedious to the most comprehensive and concise of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himself an eye-witness and a principal actor in the important story he relates. And, indeed, it may well be presumed, that the antient histories exceed the modern from this single consideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by reclusé scholars, unpractised in business, war and politics ; whilst the former are many of them written by ministers, commanders, and princes themselves. We have, indeed, a few flimsy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by persons deeply interested in the transaction they describe ; but these I imagine will not be compared to “ The retreat of the ten thousand” which Xenophon himself conducted and related, nor to “ The Gallic war” of Cæsar, nor “ The precious fragments” of Polybius, which our modern generals and ministers would not be discredited by diligently perusing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their style. Are the reflections of Machiavel so subtle and refined as those of Tacitus ? are the portraits of Thuanus so strong and expressive as those of Sallust and Plutarch ? Are the narrations of Davila so lively and animated, or do his sentiments breathe such a love of liberty and virtue, as those of Livy and Herodotus ?

The supreme excellence of the ancient Architecture, the last particular to be touched, I shall not enlarge upon ; because it has never once been called in question, and because it is abundantly testified by the

awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration though not of imitation. This art, it is observable, has never been improved in latter ages in one single instance ; but every just and legitimate edifice is still formed according to the five old established orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a sixth of equal symmetry and strength.

Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the Antients especially of the Greeks, over the Moderns. They may, perhaps, be not unjustly ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce the fine sensations ; to a language most harmonious, copious and forcible ; to the public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature ; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the solemn games ; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engross and debase the minds of the moderns ; and above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, to which we in these latter times are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers if we expect to be read.

It is said by Voltaire, with his usual liveliness, “ We shall never again behold the time, when a Duke de la Rochefoucault might go from the conversation of a Pascal or Arnauld, to the theatre of Corneille.” This reflection may be more justly applied to the antients, and it may with much greater truth be said ; “ The age will never again return, when a Pericles, after walking with Plato in a portico built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might repair to hear a pleading of Demosthenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles.”

I shall next examine the other part of Addison’s assertion, that the moderns excel the antients in all the arts of Ridicule, and assign the reasons of this supposed excellence.

Z

No. 128. Saturday, January 26, 1754.

*Ille sinisterfsum, hic dextrorfsum abit ; unus utrique
Error, fed variis illudit partibus.* HOR.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, tho' we various stray,
Some to the left, and some to t'other fide. FRANCIS.

IT is common among all the classes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life : every man looks on the occupation or amusement of his neighbour, as something below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who confiders the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, observes what numbers are supported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the necessity of working either for themselves or others, find business to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part of mankind, neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the woods, nor gather in the harvest ; they neither tend herds, nor build houses ; in what then are they employed ?

This is certainly a question, which a distant prospect of the world will not enable us to answer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confusion, with haste in their motions and eagerness in their looks ; but what they have to pursue or avoid, a more minute observation must inform us.

When we analyze the croud into individuals, it soon appears that the passions and imaginations of men will not easily suffer them to be idle ; we see things coveted merely because they are rare, and pursued because they are fugitive ; we see men conspire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthless in itself, and then contend for the possession. One is a collector of fossils, of which he knows no other use than to shew them ; and when

he has stocked his own repository, grieves that the stones which he had left behind him should be picked up by another. The florist nurses a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the same showers and sun shine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only lest others should have heard the new musician before him ; another bursts from his company to the play, because he fancies himself the patron of an actress ; some spend the morning in consultations with the taylor, and some in directions to their cook ; some are forming parties for cards, and some laying wagers at a horse race.

It cannot, I think be denied, that some of these lives are passed in trifles ; in occupations, by which the busy neither benefit themselves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who seriously considered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is, with what he might be made. However, as people who have the same inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the sight of others as unprofitably active as himself ; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himself important, and by having his mind intensely engaged he is secured from weariness of himself.

Some degree of self approbation is always the reward of diligence ; and I cannot, therefore, but consider the laborious cultivation of petty pleasures, as a more happy and more virtuous disposition, than that universal contempt and haughty negligence, which is sometimes associated with powerful faculties, but is often assumed by indolence when it disowns its name, and aspires to the appellation of greatness of mind.

It has been long observed, that drollery and ridicule is the most easy kind of wit : let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the easiest philosophy. To find some objection to every thing, and to dissolve in perpetual laxiness under pretence that occasions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at those who are ridiculously busy without setting an example of more rational industry, is no less in the power of the meanest than of the highest intellects.

Our present state has placed us at once in such different relations, that every human employment, which

is not a visible and immediate act of goodness, will be in some respect or other subject to contempt: but it is true, likewise, that almost every act, which is not directly vicious, is in some respect beneficial and laudable. "I often," says Bruyere, "observe from my window, two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed with the powers of reason, able to clothe their thoughts in language, and convey their notions to each other. They rise early in the morning, and are every day employed till sun-set in rubbing two smooth stones together, or in other terms in polishing marble."

If lions could paint," says the fable, "in the room of those pictures which exhibit men in vanquishing lions, we should see lions feeding upon men." If the stone-cutter could have written like Bruyere, what would he have replied?

"I look up," says he, "every day from my shop, upon a man whom the idlers, who stand still to gaze upon my work, often celebrate as a wit and philosopher. I often perceive his face clouded with care, and am told that his taper is sometimes burning at midnight. The sight of a man who works so much harder than myself, excited my curiosity. I heard no sound of tools in his apartment, and, therefore, could not imagine what he was doing; but was told at last, that he was writing descriptions of mankind, who when he had described them would live just as they had lived before; that he sat up whole nights to change a sentence, because the sound of a letter was too often repeated; that he was often disquieted with doubts, about the propriety of a word which every body understood; that he would hesitate between two expressions equally proper, till he could not fix his choice but by consulting his friends; that he will run from one end of Paris to the other, for an opportunity of reading a period to a nice ear; that if a single line is heard with coldness and inattention, he returns home dejected and disconsolate; and that by all this care and labour, he hopes only to make a little book, which at last will teach no useful art, and which none who has it not will perceive himself to want. I have often wondered for what end such

" a being

“ being as this was sent into the world ; and should be
“ glad to see those who live thus foolishly, seized by an
“ order of the government, and obliged to labour at some
“ useful occupation.”

Thus, by a partial and imperfect representation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing stones together, might have prolonged the same amusement by walking through the city, and seeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another ; or by rambling into the country, where he might observe other creatures of the same kind driving a piece of sharp iron into the clay, or, in the language of men less enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus easy by a detail of minute circumstances to make every thing little, so it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects to make every thing great. The polisher of marble may be forming ornaments for the palaces of virtue and the schools of science ; or providing tables, on which the actions of heroes and the discoveries of sages shall be recorded, for the incitement and instruction of future generations. The mason is exercising one of the principal arts by which reasoning beings are distinguished from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its safety and all its convenience, by which we are secured from the inclemency of the seasons, and fortified against the ravages of hostility ; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffusing plenty and happiness over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

Greatness and littleness are terms merely comparative ; and we err in our estimation of things, because we measure them by some wrong standard. The trifler proposes to himself only to equal or excel some other trifler, and is happy or miserable as he succeeds or miscarries : the man of sedentary desire and unactive ambition, sits comparing his power with his wishes ; and makes his inability to perform things impossible, an excuse to himself for performing nothing. Man can only form a just estimate of his own actions, by making his power the test of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever
steadily

steadily perseveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with respect to himself; and what will not be despised by Him, who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the task of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how soon soever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive so much more than we can accomplish, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear despicable in his own eyes. He that despises for its littleness any thing really useful, has no pretensions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; since nothing but narrowness of mind hinders him from seeing, that by pursuing the same principles every thing limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itself in scheming the happiness of imaginary kingdoms, might with equal reason sit on a throne dreaming of universal empire, and of the diffusion of blessings all over the globe: yet even this globe is little, compared with the system of matter within our view; and that system barely something more than non-entity, compared with the boundless regions of space, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wishes to be what we are not, conceptions that we know to be foolish, and wishes which we feel to be vain, we must necessarily descend to the consideration of what we are. We have powers very scanty in their utmost extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to these powers we have duties prescribed, which we must neither decline for the sake of delighting ourselves with easier amusements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extensive comprehension.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember, that we are not born to please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction, will always find the proper business of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind, our relation to the Father of Being, by whom
we

we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclinations to Unerring Wisdom, and do the work decreed for us with cheerfulness and diligence.

T

No. 129. Tuesday, January 29, 1754.

Quicquid agunt homines, vetum, timor, ira, voluptas.

Cecidit. —————

Juv.

Whatever excites our hatred, love, or joy.

Or hope, or fear, these themes my muse employ.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

Bath, Dec. 29.

L EONARDO DA VINCI, one of the most accomplished masters in the art of painting, was accustomed to delineate instantly in his pocket book every face, in which he discovered any singularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vast collection of various countenances; and escaped that barren uniformity and resemblance, so visible in the generality of history pieces, that the spectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moralist should imitate this practice, and sketch characters from the life, at the instant in which they strike him; I amused myself yesterday in the pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the persons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to crowd to this city.

Aphoridifius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a course of early debauchery at Westminster school, and at the age of sixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whose lodgings he stole in the intervals of school-hours, and

and who soon communicated to him a disease of peculiar power to poison the springs of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodless, his hand palsied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, absolutely necessary for the welfare of his family that he should marry, he has been betrothed in this dreadful condition, to a lady whose beauty and vivacity are in their meridian; and his physicians have ordered him to these salutary waters to try if it be possible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminished race of half formed animals that crawl about our streets in the shape of men, when matches so unequal and so unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a test of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati. VIRG.

—From the faint embrace
Unmanly sons arise, a puny race!

Inertio is a plump and healthy old bachelor, a senior fellow of a rich society in one of our universities, whose chief business in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digestion. Not only his situation but his taste has determined him to continue in a state of celibacy; “for,” says he, “at present I can afford to drink port and keep a couple of geldings; but if I should rashly incumber myself with madam and her brats, I must descend to walk on foot and drink ale.” He was much alarmed at missing his regular annual fit of the gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneasiness a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yesterday extremely dejected, and on my entering his chamber, “Life,” said he, “is full of vexations and disappointments: what a dreadful accident!” I imagined that some select friend, some brother of his choice was dead, or that the college treasury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding—“I was presented with the finest, the fattest collar of brawn, and expected

“ pested it at dinner this day ; but the rascally carrier
“ has conveyed it to a wrong place fifty miles off, and
“ before I can receive it, it will be absolutely unfit for
“ eating.”

Here likewise is the learned and ingenious Crito. Crito is a genius of a superior order, who hath long instructed and entertained his country, by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who in a Grecian commonwealth would have had a statue erected to him, and have been maintained at the public expence; but in this kingdom has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by incessant labour and application. These uninterrupted and unrewarded studies, have at length impaired his health, and undermined a constitution naturally vigorous and happy: and as Crito has never been able to lay up a sum sufficient to procure him the assistance which the debility of sickness and age require, he was obliged to insure his life, and borrow at exorbitant interest a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could restore his health and spirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhausted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and must retire to languish in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themselves with lamenting his distress, and wondering how it comes to pass that nothing has been done for a man of such distinguished abilities and integrity.

Doctor Pamper is possessed of three large ecclesiastical preferments: his motive for coming hither is somewhat singular, it is, because his parishes cannot furnish him with a set of persons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whist; he is, therefore, necessitated every season to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gamesters that are worth contending with.

Spumofius, who is one of the liveliest of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irresistibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shaftesbury in his pocket, and used to read and explain the striking passages to large circles at the coffee house; he was of opinion, that for purity and perspicuity, elegance

of

of style and force of reasoning, the Characteristics were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taste and our morals. He discovered a delicate artificial connection in these discourses, which to vulgar eyes appear to be loose and incoherent rhapsodies; nay be clearly perceived, that each treatise depended on the foregoing, and all together composed one uniform whole, and the noblest system of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcilably with his dearest friend, who happened to hint, that the style was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent, and frequently coarse and illiberal, the arguments inconclusive and unfair, the raillery frigid and insipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author presumed to propose for his pattern. Spumofius always disdained to practise virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and punishment; and was convinced, that so excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the silken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently sneered at the priestly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and sordid minds. But being lately attacked by a severe distemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldness of his former professions; and terrified at the approach of death, has had recourse to various remedies, and is at last arrived here, as full of doubt as of disease, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can possibly be inflicted on his body.

Mr. Gull was lately a soap-boiler at Chester, but having accumulated a vast fortune by trade, he is now resolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taste. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only because he has heard that people of fashion do at this time of the year generally take a trip to Bath. And for the same reason he intends in the spring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare say, commence virtuoso on his return, and be a professed judge of dress, pictures, and furniture.

I must not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain Garish, a wit and a critic,
who

who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the best writers of the age, and whose opinion on every new work is deemed decisive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden, and the French critics, are the sources from which his immense literature is derived. Dacier's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle's Dictionary finished him for a scholar. Sometimes he vouchsafes to think the Adventurer tolerable; but he generally exclaims, "How grave and sententious! Good Heavens! what more Greek! This circumstance will ruin the credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you must know I am intimate with all the authors of it; they are ten in number; and some of them——But as I have been intrusted with their secrets, I must disclose no more. To tell you the truth, I have given them a few essays myself, which I have written for my amusement upon guard."

If these portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, should amuse you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

Z

I am,

Mr. ADVENTURER, Yours,
PHILOMIDES.

No. 130. Saturday, February 2, 1754.

Qui non est bodie, cras minus aptus erit. MART.

The man will surely fail who dares delay,
And lose to-morrow that has lost to-day.

IT was said by Raleigh, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, "that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution." That there

there is a time when every man is struck with a sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude, that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force; and misery grows less only by its continuance, because those who have long suffered lose their sensibility.

If he, who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five and twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of four-score, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained; and the last mournful effects of decay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years by the palsy, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggish jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent, alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time, stupor supplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation, by solitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

There is some reason to believe, that this “power of the world to come,” as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other show, and see the
world

world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced : when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment to life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse ; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of something that may secure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance ; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force ; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant ; appetite is no longer restrained ; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred “ to a more convenient season,” or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity ; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him : he forms many arguments to justify natural desires ; he learns at length to impose upon himself, and assents to principles which yet in his heart
he

he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible, that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He, who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains: but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more; the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unnecessary which are found to be unpleasant; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him "who looks back after having put his hand to the plough," may be resolved into natural causes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought
when

when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past, and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment, when "the shadow of death shall be stretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work."

No. 131. Tuesday, February 1, 1754.

— Misce
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.

JUV.

And mingle something of our times to please.

DRYDEN, JUV.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of that great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observation, that "he was not distinguished from other men, by any singularity either natural or affected."

It is an eminent instance of Newton's superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced; that he was able to excel in science and wisdom, without purchasing them by the neglect

neglect of little things; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch, should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretensions to dispute with him the palm of genius or science.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge a curious inspection into common life, and after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had examined "men's business and bosoms" as a statesman; yet failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of Bacon: but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewise some contagion of his defects; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the Guardian, that the world punishes with too great severity the error of those, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life,
by

by private meditation ; the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate, a few more from the constitution of the government ; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance ; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

These things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency ; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendships.

A real and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found : much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise ; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a sullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state, into which the busy passions of man cannot easily subside ; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

Some, however, may be found, who, supported by the consciousness of great abilities and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singularity, affect to cross the roads of life because they know that they shall not be jostled,
and

and indulge a boundless gratification of will because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humourists, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is set free at once from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merry, advance absurdities or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

This seems to many, an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed, appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character though they may not totally obscure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature universally and invariably displeasing: in whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better. By being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftner than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The

pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All violation of established practice, implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment : he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule ; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good and superior to the tyranny of custom or example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven : yet even of these, the external mode is to be in some measure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live : for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to displease the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelson, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him ; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment, in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom and example.

example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind, is in some degree the duty of a social being ; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful : but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance ; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departing from virtue.

T

No. 132. Saturday, February 9, 1754.

— *Ferimur per opaca locorum.*

VIRG.

— Driv'n thro' the palpable obscure.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and wealth : his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness ; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous ; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less : he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power ; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer ; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion

which arises from The Love of GOD, and necessarily includes The Love of Man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand: attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, The Almighty and The Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reprov'd me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the
same

same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by Love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by Love of Man: for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly: but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven! If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse its light, or the clouds distill their dew? where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.” At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a

dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness ! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire : “ O ! that I had been doomed for ever to the
“ common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! there
“ society would have alleviated the torment of despair,
“ and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside
“ on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand
“ years to the regions of light and life ; the hope of
“ these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the
“ dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.” While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hands toward the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example ; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

No. 133. Tuesday, February 12, 1754.

*At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros et
Laudavere sales; nimium patientèr utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto.*

HOR.

"And yet our fires with joy could Plautus hear;
"Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."
Let me not say too lavishly they prais'd;
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleas'd,
If you or I with taste are haply blest,
'To know a clownish from a courtly jest. FRANCIS.

THE fondness I have so frequently manifested for the antients, has not so far blinded my judgment, as to render me unable to discern or unwilling to acknowledge the superiority of the moderns, in pieces of Humour and Ridicule. I shall therefore confirm the general assertion of Addison, part of which hath already been examined.

Comedy, Satire, and Burlesque, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is necessary for us to compare together the most admired performances of the antients and moderns in these three kinds of writing, to qualify us justly to censure or commend, as the beauties or blemishes of each party may deserve.

As Aristophanes wrote to please the multitude, at a time when the licentiousness of the Athenians was boundless, his pleasantries are coarse and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced and distorted with unnatural deformity like the monstrous caricaturas of Calot. He is full of the grossest obscenity, indecency, and inurbanity; and as the populace always delight to hear their superiors abused and misrepresented, he scatters the rankest calumnies on the wisest and worthiest personages of his country. His style is unequal, occasioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on Sophocles

and Euripides. It is, however, certain, that he abounds in artful allusions to the state of Athens at the time when he wrote ; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, considered as a political satirist, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the basest buffoonry. No writer seems to have been born with a most forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn some characters with incomparable spirit ; we are indebted to him for the first good miser, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boastful Thrafo. But his love degenerates into lewdness : and his jests are insupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for " the dregs " of Romulus" to use and to hear ; he has furnished examples of every species of true and false wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age, when the Romans were but just emerging into politeness : and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reserved for the age of Augustus, he would have produced more perfect plays, than even the elegant disciple of Menander.

Delicacy, sweetness, and correctness, are the characteristics of Terence. His polite images are all represented in the most clear and perspicuous expression ; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with those discriminating peculiarities that distinguish one man from another : there is a tedious and disgusting sameness of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been observed in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he superabounds in soliloquies ; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To these three celebrated antients I venture to oppose singly the matchless Moliere, as the most consummate master of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but set himself closely to examine the numberless varieties of human nature : he soon discovered every difference, however minute ; and

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by a proper management could make it striking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet discovered to be just. The *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope* are the most singular, and yet, perhaps, the most proper and perfect characters that comedy can represent; and his *Miser* excels that of any other nation. He seems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one singular and unfamiliar character, by such a series of incidents as may best contribute to shew its singularities. All the circumstances in the *Misanthrope*, tend to manifest the peevish and captious disgust of the hero; all the circumstances in the *Tartuffe*, are calculated to shew the treachery of an accomplished hypocrite. I am sorry no English writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere; although it must be confessed that Falstaff and Morose are indeed two admirable characters, excellently supported and displayed; for Shakespeare has contrived all the incidents to illustrate the gluttony, lewdness, cowardice and boastfulness of the fat old knight; and Johnson has with equal art displayed the oddity of a whimsical humourist, who could endure no kind of noise.

Will it be deemed a paradox to assert that Congreve's dramatic persons have no striking and natural characteristic? His *Fondlewife* and *Fore-sight* are but faint portraits of common characters, and Ben is a forced and unnatural caricature. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath strangely engrossed the English stage, and given an insipid familiarity to our best comic pieces: originals can never be wanting in such a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propensities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open those mines of humour which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to consider the Satirists of antiquity, I shall not scruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whose ridicule

cule are more sharp, in proportion as they are more polished. That reformers should abound in obscenities, as is the case of the two Roman poets, is surely an impropriety of the most extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace also sometimes sinks into mean and farcical abuse, as in the first lines of the seventh satire of the first book; but Boileau and Pope have given to their Satire the Cestus of Venus: their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth satire of Boileau on women, is more bitter and more decent and elegant, than the sixth of Juvenal on the same subject; and Pope's epistle to Mrs. Blount far excells them both, in the artfulness and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals, in the appositeness of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the *Lutrin*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Dunciad*, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittiest of the ancients can boast of: for by assuming the form of the epopea, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulness which all satires delivered merely in the poet's own person must want, and with which the satirists of antiquity were wholly unacquainted: for the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer cannot be considered as the model of these admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greatest master of Burlesque among the ancients: but the travels of Gulliver, though indeed evidently copied from his *True History*, do as evidently excel it. Lucian sets out with informing his readers that he is in jest, and intends to ridicule some of the incredible stories in Ctesias and Herodotus: this introduction surely enfeebles his satire and defeats his purpose. The true history consists only of the most wild, monstrous and miraculous persons and accidents: Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly some moral or political instruction. The *Charon*, or the *Prospect* (*Επισκοπήσεις*) one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewise given occasion to that agreeable French satire, entitled, "*Le Diable Boiteux*," or "*The Lame Devil*;"

“ Devil ;” which has highly improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and descriptions, lively remarks, and interesting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the antient will still appear to disadvantage : the burlesque of Lucian principally consists in making his gods and philosophers speak and act like the meanest of the people ; that of Cervantes arises from the solemn and important air with which the most idle and ridiculous actions are related ; and is, therefore, much more striking and forcible. In a word, *Don Quixote* and its copy *Hudibras*, the *Splendid Shilling*, the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Rehearsal*, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much less excel.

Theophrastus must yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature ; and the Athenians never produced a writer whose humour was so exquisite as that of Addison, or who ever delineated and supported a character with so much nature and true pleasantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverly. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every species of wit, written in distant times and in dead languages appears with many disadvantages to present readers, from their ignorance of the manners and customs alluded to and exposed ; but the grossness, the rudeness, and indelicacy of the antients will, notwithstanding, sufficiently appear, even from the sentiments of such critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mention corporal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

If it be now asked, to what can we ascribe this superiority of the moderns in all the species of Ridicule ? I answer, to the improved state of conversation. The great geniuses of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government : and though it be certain, as Longinus asserts, that Democracies are the nurseries of true sublimity : yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeness. The arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour,

behaviour, on which Ridicule is founded. The antients had more Liberty and Seriousness; the moderns have more Luxury and Laughter.

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No. 134. Saturday, February 16, 1754.

——— *Virtutibus obstat*

Res angusta domi.

JUVENAL.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

AS I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprized in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own *. This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing, a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl, to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

The first situation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other petty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and

resentment,

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resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness and carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person in the same rank but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteely educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar tenderness;

ness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve because she did not like a tyrant exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a charwoman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain-work which she had procured me I furnished myself with decent cloaths. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But alas! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost: the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I, therefore, ap-
plied

plied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua maker; whose business, of which, indeed, she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and in short do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams which had been assigned me might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes; and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling I knew not why, and threatened that I should not be long without cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of
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the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity; and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go; and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least sit-on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I intreated that I might have such cloaths as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman; yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish; but I should see that she knew how to morti-

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“ fy my pride, and disappoint my cunning.” I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

XX

No. 135. *Tuesday, February 19, 1754.*

———*Latet anguis in herbâ.*

VIR

Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

IT happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea. It was about the middle of May. Upon me who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the song of the birds had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk; and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to
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look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure ; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased, as my walk became shorter ; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in saint James's park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed in my own distress, and my apron held to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had fate down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum ; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer ; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke, with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story ; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed stedfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me, that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true ; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me : and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home ; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance ; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those, who are hackneyed in the ways of vice ; and the remembrance of the disin-

disinterested kindness of my first friend by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind : I, therefore, indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple ; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before ; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder ; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile took me up stairs into a kind of dressing room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places : they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady, for whom she had undertaken to provide ; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner ; “ for,” said she, “ I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.”

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. “ I see,” said she, “ that you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.” I could only court’ly in answer to this compliment ; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness, who had told me that her name was Wellwood, to the young lady her cousin and three others ; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected,

expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent: I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that, in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had been now near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken, to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream, shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist; without considering, that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

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The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms ; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning ; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance ; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes ; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and my knowledge. I could not however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it ; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own : for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker ; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure ; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattering descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short my suspicions gradually increased ; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed ; the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me, no prospect of success ; and as she despaired of
exciting

exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprize, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent: The morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

No. 136. Saturday, February 23, 1754.

— *Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis.*

VIRG.

And who can hear this tale without a tear?

TO the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to sooth me; and when these were found to be ineffectual; attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I know not exactly what passed in the
first

first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through meer languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs and get into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty ; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet without a miracle be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker ; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated ; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish, with which I reflected upon my condition ; and perhaps it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the street, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or, indeed of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day ; my languor increased every moment ; I was weary and fainting ; my face was
covered

covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me ; but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk ; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in the streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched : for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through saint Paul's church yard as the clock struck one : but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I know not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply : my struggles, indeed were weak ; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to some indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation ; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in defence of life, however wretched ; and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts : my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half laced, and the rest of my cloaths were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances

cumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute ; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk ; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion ; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning ; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back ; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning : " I was scarcely yet sober," he said, " as his worship might see, and had been " pretty handsomely beaten ; but he supposed it was " for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which " I must have been very dexterous indeed, to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance : I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth : but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed ; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace ; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to

be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's, became a palace in the comparison ; and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear ; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her, " that she had taken me a beggar from the parish " four years ago, and taught me her trade ; but that I " had been always fullen, mischievous, and idle ; that " it was more than a month since I had clandestinely " left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting " my condition ; and that she would leave his worship " to judge, whether I came honestly by the taudry rags " which I had on my back." This account however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me : it appeared incontestibly, that I had deserted my service, and had been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with cloaths and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence : the person whom I had accused lived in another county ; and it was necessary for the present to bring the matter to a short issue : my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour ; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note
was

was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Welwood had found means to stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I, therefore, intreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were overawed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, ex-

crations and obscenity ; the conversation of mother Welwood, her inmates and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place ; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror ; and, indeed became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money ; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those, before whom the path of virtue has been strewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter : let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty and ease and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and compleat my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty ; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant ; whose power increased in proportion to my debt : the terms of prostitution were prescribed to me ; and out of the money which was the price, not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious : for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root ; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my

my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice, was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the strait way; the bye path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it: to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

No. 137. *Tuesday, February 26, 1754.*

Τὴ δ' ἔγεξα.

PYTH.

What have I been doing?

AS man is a being very sparingly furnished with the power of prescience, he can provide for the future only by considering the past; and as futurity is all in which he has any real interest, he ought very diligently to use the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the ex-

periments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wisdom from his mistakes and caution from his miscarriages.

Though I do not so exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practise every night this solemn recollection, yet I am not so lost in dissipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear sometimes to enquire of myself, in what employments my life has passed away. Much of my time has sunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be distinguished; and of this I now only know, that it was once in my power and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give some account: at some hours I have been gay, and at others serious; I have sometimes mingled in conversation, and sometimes meditated in solitude; one day has been spent in consulting the antient sages, and another in writing *Adventurers*.

At the conclusion of my undertaking, it is usual to compute the loss and profit. As I shall soon cease to write *Adventurers*, I could not forbear lately to consider, what has been the consequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in these compositions, as applied to a good and laudable purpose, or suffered to fume away in useless evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the attestation of my own heart; but good intentions may be frustrated, when they are executed without suitable skill, or directed to an end unattainable in itself.

Some there are, who leave writers very little room for self congratulation; some who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is, like Xerxes, to scourge the wind or shackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to support by unfailing experience. This world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine and malignity; interest is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increase his own stores of happiness by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom
his

his superfluity condemns to want: in this state of things a book of morality is published, in which charity and benevolence are strongly enforced; and it is proved beyond opposition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred; he imagines his applause deserved, and receives less pleasure from the acquisition of reward than the consciousness of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: interest is still the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this assertion, arises merely from its generality and comprehension: to overthrow it by a detail of distinct facts, requires a wider survey of the world than human eyes can take; the progress of reformation is gradual and silent, as the extension of evening shadows: we know that they were short at noon, and are long at sun-set, but our senses are not able to discern their increase; we know of every civil nation that it was once savage; and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition?

Mankind are universally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are universally ignorant, yet with greater or less irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increased and preserved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational enforcement.

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is still little in the world; so the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, surely, neither the labours of the moralist nor of the husbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their tasks, and their usefulness will be known; the wickedness that is now frequent would become universal, the bread that is now scarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a gentle co-operation; in which the part of

any single man can be no more distinguished than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, seldom works a visible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read most, is read by few, compared with those that read it not; and of those few, the greater part peruse it with dispositions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the several motives, which procure to books the honour of perusal: spite, vanity, and curiosity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every passion which incites to any other action, serves at one time or other to stimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, because they hope to distinguish their penetration, by finding faults which have escaped the public; others eagerly buy it in the first bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praise, and not lag, as Falstaff terms it, in "the rearward of the fashion."

Some read for style, and some for argument: one has little care about the sentiment, he observes only how it is expressed; another regards not the conclusion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred: they read for other purposes than the attainment of practical knowledge; and are no more likely to grow wise by an examination of a treatise of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by considering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embellish their conversation, or shine in dispute; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments: but the most general and prevalent reason of study, is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally independent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chace of pleasure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge, he whose gout compels him to hear from his chamber, the rattle of chariots transporting happier beings

ings to plays and assemblies, will be forced to seek in books a refuge from himself.

The author is not wholly useless, who provides innocent amusements for minds like these. There are in the present state of things so many more instigations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps men in a neutral state may be justly considered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it seldom happens, that study terminates in mere pastime. Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas; he that reads books of science, though without any fixed desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that there are already books sufficient in the world; that all the topics of persuasion have been discussed, and every important question clearly stated and justly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope that pigmies should conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the present time should advance the great work of reformation, which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished.

Whatever be the present extent of human knowledge, it is only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increase; but so narrow, that almost every understanding may by a diligent application of its powers hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not necessary, that a man should forbear to write, till he has discovered some truth unknown before; he may be sufficiently useful, by only diversifying the surface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a second view of those beauties which it had passed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correspondent to his own, to whom his expressions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and perhaps, truth is often more successfully propagated by men of moderate abilities,
who

who, adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by subtile speculatists and curious searchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of science be strong, take no care to render them accessible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out on these little compositions. That the world has grown apparently better, since the publication of the *Adventurer*, I have not observed; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impression; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue; and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

T

No. 138. *Saturday, March 2, 1754.*

*Quid purè tranqillet? bonos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ?* HOR.

Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours or wealth our bliss insure;
Or down through life unknown to stray,
Where lonely leads the silent way.

FRANCIS.

HAVING considered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themselves; and to enquire what degree of happiness or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing instruction or entertainment for mankind.

In estimating the pain or pleasure of any particular state, every man, indeed, draws his decisions from his own breast, and cannot with certainty determine whether other minds are affected by the same causes in the same manner.

manner. Yet by this criterion we must be content to judge, because no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reason to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or dissembles its insensibility, we find men unanimously concur in attributing happiness or misery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themselves for an account of their state, it will appear very little to deserve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the present age, and the absurd preference by which ignorance and dullness often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to posterity, without some appeal to future candour from the perverseness and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheless, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miserable than their fellow mortals. The present life is to all a state of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himself to merit more than he obtains, and solaces the present with the prospect of the future: others, indeed, suffer those disappointments in silence, of which the writer complains, to shew how well he has learned the art of lamentation.

There is at least one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have missed the enjoyment: he whose hopes have so far overpowered his fears, as that he has resolved to stand forth a candidate for fame, seldom fails to amuse himself, before his appearance, with pleasing scenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he easily models it to his wish, suffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage or listens to the voice of praise.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriously of the second period of an author's happiness, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice stands suspended between different sentiments.

These

These pleasures, I believe, may sometimes be indulged to those, who come to a subject of disquisition with minds full of ideas, and with fancies so vigorous, as easily to excite, select, and arrange them. To write, is, indeed, no unpleasing employment, when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons: but such happiness the greatest genius does not always obtain; and common writers only know it to such a degree, as to credit its possibility. Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

It frequently happens, that a design, which when considered at a distance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it considered it in the gross, imagined itself amply furnished with materials, finds sometimes an unexpected barrenness and vacuity, and wonders whither all those ideas are vanished, which a little before seemed struggling for emission.

Sometimes many thoughts present themselves; but so confused and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent series: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth of which neither the beginning nor end can be discovered, and toils and struggles without progress or extrication.

It is asserted by Horace, that "if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty;" a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If words were naturally and necessarily consequential to sentiments, it would always follow, that he who has most knowledge must have most eloquence: and that every man would clearly express what he fully understood: yet we find, that to think, and to discourse, are often the qualities of different persons; and many books might be surely produced, where just and noble sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable diction.

Words,

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed, of many authors, and those not useless or contemptible, words are almost the only care: many make it their study, not so much to strike out new sentiments, as to recommend those which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or those of another, has often found himself deficient in the power of expression, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ransack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at last unable to impress upon his reader the image existing in his own mind.

It is one of the common distresses of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a single epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correspondent term in order to finish a paragraph with elegance and make one of its members answer to the other: but these deficiencies cannot always be supplied; and after long study and vexation, the passage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was so nearly finished.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjusted, and the whole composition at last concluded, it seldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts rise fresh upon us, we readily believe them just and original, which when the pleasure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and supplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it should happen, that the writer finds no such faults in his performance, he is still to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes; and when he considers, how much men who could judge of others with great exactness, have often failed in judging of themselves, he will be afraid of deciding too hastily in his own favour, or of allowing himself to contemplate with too much complacence treasure that has not yet been brought to the test, nor passed the only trial that can stamp its value.

From

From the public, and only from the public, is he to wait a confirmation of his claim, and a final justification of self esteem; but the public is not easily persuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themselves, it is reasonable to imagine, that of such writings, at least, as describe the movements of the human passions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a just opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, must have found it governed by other causes, than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perhaps perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict: it may, however, be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

This perversion of the public judgment, is not to be rashly numbered amongst the miseries of an author; since it commonly serves, after miscarriage, to reconcile him to himself. Because the world has sometimes passed an unjust sentence, he readily concludes the sentence unjust by which his performance is condemned; because some have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is sure to ascribe the success of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author seems to share all the common miseries of life, he appears to partake likewise of its lenitives and abatements.

T

No. 139. Tuesday, March 5, 1754.

*Ipse viam tantùm potui docuisse repertam
 Anas ad montes, longèque ostendere Musas,
 Plaudentes celsæ choreas in vertice rupis.* VIDA.

I only pointed out the paths that lead
 The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head ;
 And shew'd the tuneful muses from afar,
 Mixt in a solemn choir and dancing there. PITT.

HE that undertakes to superintend the morals and the taste of the public, should attentively consider, what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times : for though some have contended, that men have always been vicious and foolish in the same degree ; yet their vices and follies are known to have been, not only different, but opposite in their kind. The disease of the time, has been sometimes a fever, and sometimes a lethargy ; and he, therefore, who should always prescribe the same remedy, would be justly scorned as a quack, the dispenser of a nostrum, which, however efficacious, must, if indiscriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enlisted himself in a crusade, or buried himself in a hermitage : and he, who should then have declaimed against lukewarmness and scepticism, would have acted just as absurdly as he, who should warn the present age against priestcraft and superstition, or set himself gravely to prove the lawfulness of pleasure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from suicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taste, there was a time when every literary character was disgraced by an impertinent ostentation of skill in abstruse science, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages ; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he desired to be thought a scholar.

scholar. The preacher, and the pleader, strung together classical quotations with the same labour, affectation and insignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indisputable, were illustrated and confirmed by the testimonies of Tully or Horace; and Seneca and Epictetus were solemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleness of fortune. The discourses of Taylor are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is scarcely possible to forbear smiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwise have overlooked; "this," says he, "is the thirty third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work." The mixture however, is so preposterous, that to those who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those who have a taste only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm tree in the deserts of Arabia.

It appears by the essays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the absurdity was too gross to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here so early as the "Silent woman" of Ben Johnson; and afterwards more strongly and professedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimsy orations with gawdy patches of latin, and scraps of tissue from the schoolmen. The same task was also undertaken in France by Balzac, in a satire called *Barbon*.

Wit is more rarely disappointed of its purpose than wisdom; and it is no wonder that this species of pedantry, in itself so ridiculous and despicable, was soon brought into contempt by those powers, against which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began insensibly to lose their austerity, and her air became engaging and easy: philosophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abstruse truths of astronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; justness and propriety of thought and sentiment, were discussed by Bouhours, amid the delicacies of a garden; and Al-

garotti

garotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addison remarks, that Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; "And I," says he, "shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses."

But this purpose has in some measure been defeated by its success; and we have been driven from one extremity with such precipitation, that we have not stopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been divested of the peculiarities of a college dress, that she might mix in polite assemblies, and be admitted to domestic familiarity; but by this means she has been confounded with ignorance and levity. Those who before could distinguish her only by the singularity of her garb, cannot now distinguish her at all: and whenever she asserts the dignity of her character, she has reason to fear that ridicule which is inseparably connected with the remembrance of her dress: she is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, such is her transformation, she may at last be refused admittance: for instead of learning's having elevated conversation, conversation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary speaker expresses a hasty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author should write. It seems, therefore, that to correct the taste of the present generation, literary subjects should be again introduced among the polite and gay, without labouring too much to disguise them like common prattle; and that conversation should be weeded of folly and impertinence, of common place rhetoric, gingling phrases, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one visitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been suffered by better understandings in the dread of an imputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his "Polite Conversation;" and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who succeed him should endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, Criticism has in this paper been intermixed with

with subjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our fashionable conversation will no longer be the disgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the sanction of their example to popular folly, and suffer their evenings to pass in hearing or in telling the exploits of a Pointer, discussing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or solving a difficult case in backgammon.

I would not, however, be thought solicitous to confine the conversation even of scholars to literary subjects, but only to prevent such subjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the present insignificance of conversation has a very extensive effect: excellence that is not understood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he despises the judgment of those who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's interest to write that which the public is not disposed to read, the productions of the press will always be accommodated to popular taste, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are discarded for the novelties of China; the Ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Corregio, are neglected for gothic designs, and burlesque political prints; and the tinsel of a Burletta has more admirers than the gold of Shakespeare, though it now receives new splendor from the mint, and, like a medal, is illustrious, not only for intrinsic worth but for beauty of expression.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be, indeed, the state of learning and taste, an attempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of success chimerical: but to this I am not solicitous to give other answer, than that such an attempt is consistent with the character in which this paper is written; and that the ADVENTURER can assert, upon classical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z

No. 140. Saturday, March 9, 1754.

Desine Mænalios, mea tibia, desine cantus.

VIRG.

Now cease, my pipe, now cease Mænalian strains.

WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined, that whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a news paper, was designed but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that two volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be effected by less; the work, therefore, was limited to two volumes, and two volumes are now completed.

A moral writer of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and almost necessary consequences.

As I was upon these principles to write for the Young and the Gay, for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination

gination while I was approaching the heart ; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life ; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequences by logical reasoning ; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the story of Melissa, I have endeavoured to repress romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious industry is despised ; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity to which few would have thought themselves obliged. In the life of Opfinous, I have shewn the danger of the first speculative defection, and endeavoured to demonstrate the necessary dependence of Virtue upon Religion. Amurath's first advance to cruelty, was striking a dog. The wretchedness of Hassan was produced merely by the want of positive virtue ; and that of Mirza by the solitariness of his devotion. The distress of lady Freeman, arises from a common and allowed deviation from truth, and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illustrated and displayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to discover the same design in almost every paper that I have written, which may easily be known from the rest, by having no signature at the bottom. Among these, however, Number forty seven was the gift of a friend ; so were the first hints on which I wrote the story of Eugenio, and the letter signed Tim Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this scheme alone ; not only because I wanted sufficient leisure, but because some degree of fameness is produced by the peculiarities of every writer ; and it was thought, that the conceptions and expression of another, whose pieces should have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by encreasing entertainment facilitate instruction.

With this view, the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work signed A were procured ; but this resource soon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except some casual supplies, till I obtained

tained from the gentlemen who have distinguished their pieces by the letters T and Z * such assistance as I most wished. Of their views and expectations, some account has been already given in number one hundred and thirty seven, and number one hundred and thirty nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general design of this paper, which has not been mentioned: those who can judge of literary excellence, will easily discover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifest superiority; he therefore, who displays the beauties and defects of a classic author, whether antient or modern, puts into the hands of those to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new testimonial of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the assistance of these gentlemen, I have received some voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, signed S; the story of Fidelia, in three papers, signed Y: the letter signed Tim Wildgoose; and Number ninety marked with an &c. were sent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered, that though it would not require deep researches and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that to this work I was incited, not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself; nor has the private wish, which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain, that the Adventurer has been injuriously neglected; or that I
have

* The pieces signed Z are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whose translation of Virgil's Pastorals and Georgics would alone sufficiently distinguish him as a genius and a scholar.

have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour, and cheared my weariness: I have been pleased, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the first experiment are past, I have subscribed this paper with my name. But the hour is hastening, in which, whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN LAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, in Kent,
March 4, 1754.



F I N I S.

